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THE MIDNIGHT SUN, THE TSAR AND NIHILISM.*

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By the editorial management of the bright and popular Canadian Methodist Magazine I am requested to act as guide to a very large company of tourists—a company, in fact, as large as the great constituency of readers of this widely circulated periodical. The journey will take us to the Arctic regions, and the conveyance selected has all the comfort and elegance of palace car and palace steamer, for it is "The Midnight Sun," just placed at the service of the public, bright and new, by the able Editor of the New York *Christian Advocate*, the Rev. Dr. Buckley.

The journeyings in our itinerary cover nearly ten thousand miles, in Norway, Sweden and Russia, to the northernmost bounds of the continent of Europe, and include visits to the Lofoden Islands, Lapland, and all the principal cities of the great north country. Moscow, St. Petersburg, Poland, each have one or more chapters; customs, manners, religions, superstitions, social and political conditions, all come in for a share of attention. The study of Nihilism is made a specialty, and the four chapters devoted by our author to this subject form the most valuable part of the work. Never before, we believe, have the causes, character, methods and objects of this great conspiracy been so clearly and fully set forth. The author regards the Nihilists as blind obstructionists, the policy of murder and outrage only tending to increase the burdens of the

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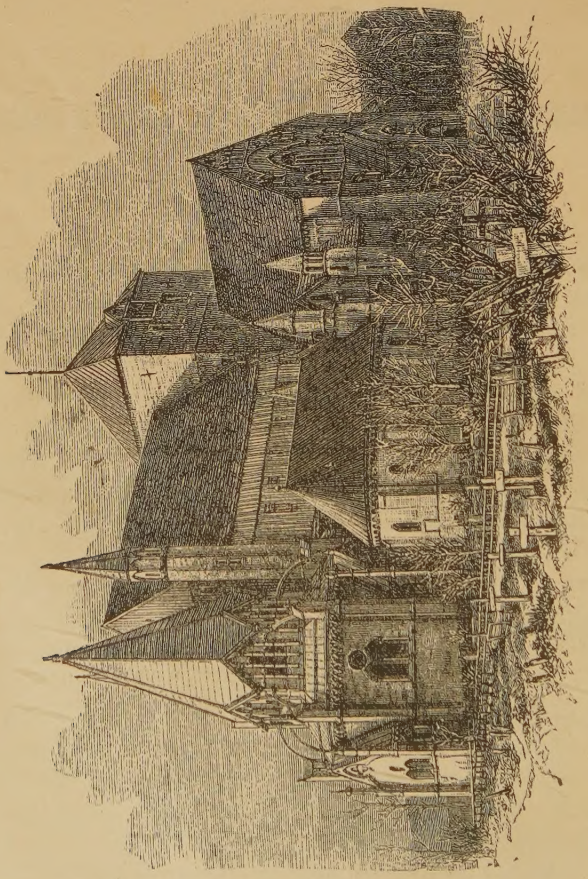
people. If Russia is ever freed from despotism, it must be through the gradual process of education, slow reform in Church and State. Nihilism is retarding all this and making absolute despotism, if not positive tyranny, a necessity.

Starting from Copenhagen, Dr. Buckley takes us to Gothenburg, in Sweden, and thence to "Beautiful Christiania," the



St. Olaf's Cathedral, Trondhjem.

capital of Norway, which has a population of 80,000. It is charmingly situated at the north end of a fiord, fifty miles long, which is thus described:—

"The general expression of the strangers in the ship, when the city first appeared in view, was 'How beautiful!' Imagine the fiord in an elliptical shape, with green hills on either hand, and reaching almost to the height of mountains in front. At the very end of the fiord is the city ascending

from the water's edge, and surmounted by fine estates and gardens. Beyond are the mountains. The houses are of stone and plaster, very bright and clean, thus contrasting with the green hills, the blue sky, and bluer waters of the fiord. Fancy a pretty little river running along to the east of the city, and the picture is as complete as a matter-of-fact pen can make it."

From Christiania we are taken by a picturesque journey by rail across the country, 347 miles, to Trondhjem, usually called in English geographies, Drontheim. It lies in the same parallel as the Southern Coast of Iceland. The city, which has now a population of 23,000, had its origin in the Christianizing and civilizing sway of Olaf II., commonly called St. Olaf, who reigned from 1015 to 1030. The cathedral of St. Olaf, built in the 13th century, is an object of special historical and religious interest. It stands as a reminder of the elevating influence of the Christian religion, which has given moral permanence to the sturdy race of Norsemen who were long the terror of Europe, and who were in the 11th century the discoverers of America.

What an exciting experience it must be to start from Trondhjem to the North Cape. Says the author:

"In latitude sixty-six degrees fifty minutes we crossed the Arctic Circle. The Government has erected a peculiar monument there. As I passed the Arctic Circle, and found myself within the limits of the North Frigid Zone, I confess to have been more thrilled than I had ever been up to that time.

"The Glacier of the Svartisen is 'an enormous mantle of snow and ice,' equal to anything in Switzerland—44 miles long and 12 miles wide, containing 500 square miles, and extending over a vast mountain plateau which is between 4,000 and 5,000 feet above the level of the sea. Down from this lofty plain, from which rise a few elevations, giving it the appearance of a succession of peaks, the glacier descends, reaching within a few feet of the sea. On the way north we saw these beneath the evening light, and on the way back, at two p.m., we went ashore and explored the glacier for two or three hours. Leaving the large number of passengers, who were wandering up the glacier, I pursued the glacier stream up to its source, and standing in the hollow, surrounded by vast masses of ice, beyond the reach of human voice, and out of sight of anything that man has made, beholding on either side 'the precipitous, black, jagged rocks, forever shattered, and the same forever,' the scene which I then saw was as worthy of the genius of Coleridge as the Valley of Chamouni."

The Lofoden Islands are passed, and the terrific Maelstrom, but its terrors are dissipated by sober fact. The force of that oft used illustration about the Maelstrom, as a type of the peril of

the sinner, is unfortunately neutralized by the discovery that instead of a funnel-shaped vortex it is more like a rapid of the St. Lawrence, magnified to the importance of the collision of great ocean currents. Suffering from the homiletic disappointment caused by this discovery, we press on to the North Cape. Standing on its summit we have the Arctic Ocean rolling beneath us, and the North Pole only as far away as St. Louis is from New York, and before us the Midnight Sun.

"The great object which surpassed all others, which dwarfed the ocean, reduced the mountains and rocks to dust in comparison, was "the triumphant King of Day," at that time—10:15 p.m.—far up in the heavens.

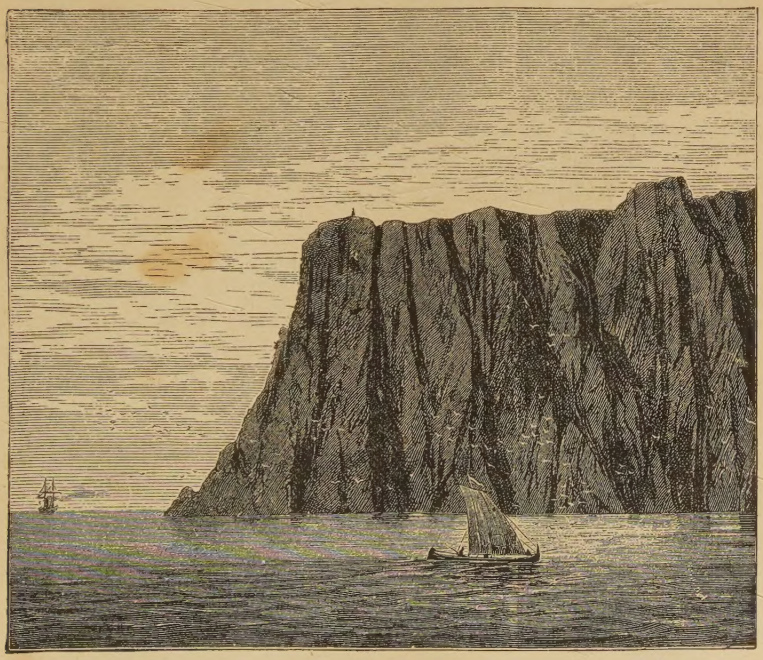
THE SVARTISEN GLACIER.

There was not a cloud, and only a scarcely perceptible mist upon the water's edge. The summit of the North Cape is nearly a thousand feet above the sea level. At the very summit stands a granite column, erected by Oscar II. on the occasion of his visit, July 21st, 1872. It is about twenty feet above the pedestal. This column stands facing due north and south.

"I shall now describe, with literal exactness, the sublime phenomenon as I saw it. It is first necessary to understand precisely the relation of the sun to its final setting. It appears for the first time, showing the upper margin, on the eleventh of May; that is to say, the sun at midnight on the eleventh of May does go down, but continues to show its upper margin. On the twelfth it shows its centre. On the thirteenth its whole disc. From that time it does not set; but on the thirty-first of July its lower disc disappears, and only the centre remains above the horizon. On the first

of August the upper margin is seen for the last time, and on the second it dips out of sight, but only one-half of its own diameter, and so continues until the night increases in length, and the day grows shorter and shorter. We were on the summit on the twenty-fifth of July. Hence, when the sun sank to its lowest point, it was about three times its own diameter above the horizon. For a little time the sun appeared to be travelling parallel with the horizon eastward.

"At half-past eleven I stationed myself immediately behind the pillar of King Oscar. While I stood close against the column I could see the sun on my left. It still appeared to be travelling parallel with the horizon, but in an easterly direction. Soon it disappeared behind the pillar. At twelve



The North Cape.

o'clock I was looking due north ; the pillar stood between me and the sun. I remained there twenty-five minutes, when I saw the sun on the right hand of the pillar, moving rapidly eastward and gradually rising above the horizon.

"About two a.m. we began the descent. I was among the last to reach our steamer, the *Harkon Jorl*, which was at 2.30. The sun was then as high in the heavens as it is at ten o'clock in the morning in the city of New York, on an ordinary day in spring."

On returning from the Arctic regions the route diverges from Trondhjem across the two kingdoms, ruled by one sovereign, to

Upsala, about 530 miles by rail. What a world of interest centres in this city, of which the average representative of Western life has but little conception. Here is the University, founded fifteen years before Columbus discovered America. It has fifty professors and 1,500 students. Says the author:

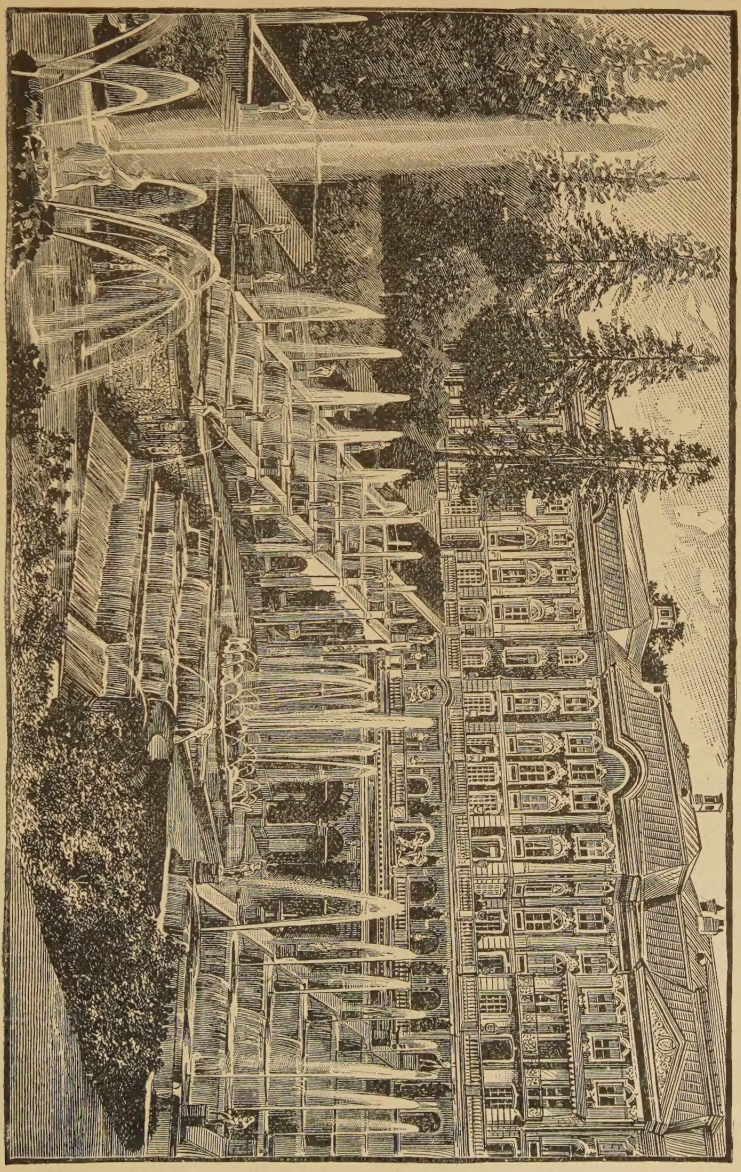
"I obtained access to the library, and though applying at the wrong time, through the courtesy of Prof. Anderson had the privilege of inspecting the famous *Codex Argenteus*, a translation of four Gospels into Mæso-Gothic by Bishop Ulphilas, dating from about the second half of the fourth century, written on one hundred and eighty-eight leaves of parchment in gold and silver letters on a reddish ground."

What an inspiration it must give to visit the magnificent cathedral, built here 600 years ago. In it lie buried Linnæus, the naturalist; Gustavus Vasa, the champion in the 16th century of Protestantism and Scandinavian freedom; and Eric, Sweden's patron saint, who is buried in a sarcophagus of gold and silver.

But the Scandinavian must be exchanged for the Slav, and passing among the Finns we hurry on to St. Petersburg, Russia's "Window into Europe," with its wide streets and miles of imposing public buildings, contrasting with other scenes suggestive only of poverty and sullen discontent. The cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul, standing in the midst of the fortifications, attracts attention by its remarkable slender spire, which with its cross rises to the height of 371 feet. Similarly attractive are the Kazan Cathedral, which cost three millions of dollars, and resembles St. Peter's in Rome; the Winter Palace, with its valuable collection of paintings; the University, with its 1,800 students; and the Monasteries, enriched with gifts of fabulous wealth. Among the monuments there is the stupendous Alexandrian Column, which is pronounced the greatest monolith of modern times. It is a single shaft of red granite, 84 feet high, on a base which consists of an enormous block of granite 25 feet in every direction. There are also a magnificent equestrian statue of Nicholas and, greatest of all, a statue of Peter the Great.

"This is a most amazing work of art. Peter the Great is represented as reining up his horse upon the brink of a rock. On both sides, as well as in front, there are steep precipices. His face is turned toward the Neva. His outstretched hand points toward the result of his work. A serpent, typical of the obstacles Peter contended with, lies writhing under the foot of the horse. The mere figures can do little to give an idea of this work,

yet they must make an impression. The whole is balanced on the hind legs and tail of the horse, which is joined to the serpent's body. It weighs ten thousand pounds. The weight of the whole metal is sixteen tons. A



PALACE OF PETERHOF.

single block of granite forms the pedestal, and it weighs fifteen hundred tons. Peter the Great stood on this rock at the place whence it came—a little Finnish village, four miles from the city—and watched a victory over

the Swedes. It took five hundred men five weeks, with a great number of horses, to transport the pedestal to its place, hauling it over cannon balls rolling over an iron tramway. Vastness, expenditure, and will, are seen in everything the Russians do."

Peterhof has the same relation to St. Petersburg as Potsdam has to Berlin. Its chief attraction is a palace built by Peter the Great, to which successive additions have been made by various emperors. Within are splendid specimens of tapestries and of porcelain, marble and malachite; without are fountains almost equal to those of Versailles.

To St. Petersburg, however, with its splendour and its despotism, we must bid adieu, and the road must be taken to Moscow.

"The railway to Moscow," says Dr. Buckley, "is probably the straightest line in the world. It was built as the crow flies, and pays no attention whatever to towns. The explanation of this peculiarity is of considerable historic interest, and reflects much light on the arbitrary methods prevailing in Russia. The only reason why this railroad ignores every town between St. Petersburg and Moscow, except one small place called Tver, which happened to be near the straight line, is that 'the Tsar so ordered it.'"

At last Moscow appears upon the plains—"a forest of gilded spires and coloured domes and cupolas."

"'Holy Moscow' stands upon a vast plain, through which runs the Moskva, the river from which the city takes its name. Moscow is built upon both sides of it. In certain parts of the city it has a very serpentine course, and finally flows under the battlements of the Kremlin, passing on through the plain till it unites with the Oka. The barriers of the city are upwards of twenty miles long, though the city is neither square nor round; but is a quadrilateral, no two of whose sides are parallel to each other. Around it run two boulevards, which occupy the site of the ancient fortifications. On the north side the city extends entirely to the earthen ramparts. Elsewhere there is a vast amount of unoccupied space between the ramparts and the outer boulevard. There is not a straight street. A sufficient number of hills exist to cause the streets to undulate and to give extended views. In the centre of the city stands the renowned Kremlin, which is in the shape of a triangle."

After an interesting account of the burning of Moscow by the French in 1812, we have the following vivid description of the Kremlin:

"It is the centre of the city, and its circumference is one English mile and two thousand feet. Through the battlements there are five gates. The east gate is called the *Borovitski;* the west gate is called the *Troitski*, or Trinity gate; the third gate is the *Nikolsky*, or Nicholas gate. Above it is hung the miraculous image of St. Nicholas, of Mojaiste. This image is

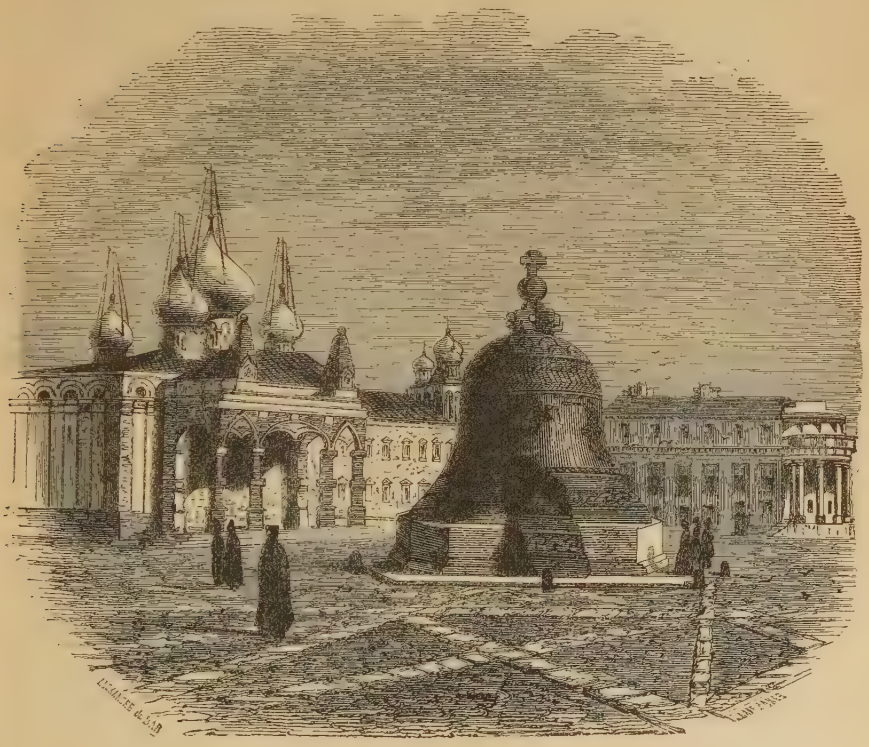
St. Nicholas Gate, Moscow

THE KREMLIN, MOSCOW.

A Russian Village.

devoutly spoken of as 'the dread of perjurers and the comforter of suffering humanity.' In ancient times in front of it oaths were administered to witnesses in the courts.

"To describe the view from the summit of the tower of Ivan, 325 feet high, is to describe Moscow. I would only say that three hundred and fifty churches can be seen, including thirty-eight chapels, fourteen monasteries, seven convents, two hundred and thirty-three parish churches, and seventeen chapels at cemeteries, besides many private chapels and public buildings of all kinds.



THE GREAT BELL OF MOSCOW.

"Most persons have heard of the wonderful great bell at Moscow. The circumference of its mouth was fifty-four feet, and its sides were two feet thick. In 1706, in a fire, it fell to the ground. It was recast in 1733. The ladies of Moscow threw their jewels and treasures into the liquid metal.

"A piece in the side of the bell was knocked out when it fell during another fire. It remained buried in the ground until 1836, when the Emperor Nicholas had it set upon a pedestal. The following are the dimensions of this great bell, whose ringing, one would think, might shake the earth: it weighs four hundred and fifty-four thousand pounds; its height is twenty-six feet and four inches, and its circumference sixty-seven feet eleven

inches. The weight of the broken piece, which lies by its side, is about eleven tons."

Outside of the Kremlin, which surpasses, in the grandeur of its interior, most if not all the palaces in Europe, there are various institutions and churches of peculiar interest, including the Church of Vasili the Blessed, which is one of the most curious buildings in history. Its cupolas are of the strangest variety of shape and size. It is painted like Joseph's coat—in many colours. Ramband says, "Conceive the most brilliant bird of tropical forests suddenly taking the shape of a cathedral and you have the Vasili Blageunot Church."

Dr. Buckley, leaving Moscow, in bringing us home passes through Warsaw out into the civilization of Western Europe and America. Moralizing thus wisely upon the political situation of Russia and the growth and power of Nihilism, he says:

"'Revolution cannot be manufactured to order.' Russia is wholly unprepared for a republican form of government. It is very doubtful if it could thrive under a constitution. A long course of preparation, the gradual course of education, slow reform in Church and State, are necessary. The Nihilists have obstructed all these. Meanwhile the repressive forces are so powerful that assassination is the only resource they have; yet assassination can only increase the burdens of the people. Goldenberg, brooding in his solitary cell of confession and suicide, saw the truth which was made still more clear after the murder of the Tsar, and expressed it thus: 'I found that political murders not only had not brought us nearer that better state of affairs for which we all long, but had, on the contrary, made it incumbent on the Government to take extreme measures against us; that it is owing to that same theory of political murder we have had the misfortune of seeing twenty gibbets raised in our midst, and that to it we are indebted for the dreadful reaction which lies on all alike.'"

From the tyranny of autocrats and the tyranny of anarchists may the bright angel of Christianity lead out the people into the freedom and security of Divine law and order.

LIFE'S SUNNY SIDE.

CHOOSE for thy daily walk.
Life's sunny side,
So shall all peace and joy
With thee abide.

If shadows o'er thee fall,
Faith still can see
The Father's smile through all—
Sunshine to thee.

Then always look above,
Whate'er betide,
And choose with heart and love
Life's sunny side.

IN THE TRADES, THE TROPICS, AND THE ROARING FORTIES.

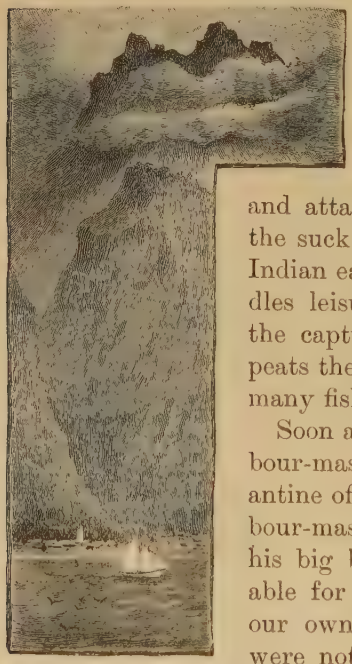
BY LADY BRASSEY.

V.

Monday, November 5th.—A fiercely hot sun was tempered by a cool northerly breeze, which sent such heavy rollers on the cocoanut-fringed shore that it seemed more than doubtful if we should be able to land on our arrival at La Guayra, where the surf is sometimes tremendous. We could see the little island of Centinella, or Sentinel Rock, early in the morning; and as we approached nearer and steamed close along the coast of Venezuela, with its fine richly-wooded mountains, and little strips of cultivated sugar-cane and cocoanut palms, we were reminded vividly of the approach to Hilo, in Hawaii. The roadstead of La Guayra was full of ships, including three large steamers, two English and one French.

While we were slowly steaming about to pick up an anchorage, we had ample time to look over the side of the vessel and

admire the colour of the water, which is clear as crystal, and of a bright greenish blue tint. I never saw water teeming to such an extent with life of every kind. Fish of all sorts and sizes swam close to us; while the patches of sargasso weed that floated past literally swarmed with them. We got some on board and found they were quite little things, from half an inch to an inch long, in colour and shape very much resembling the gold and silver fish of China and Japan. In one of the Indian canoes which we passed we noticed a sort of sucking-fish (*Echineis remora*), which is used in catching other fish. Arrived at the field of operations, the fisherman lets go an anchor and puts the sucking-fish, attached to a long line with a buoy at the end of it, overboard. It sees other fish at a great distance, darts after them, and attaches itself to them by means of the sucker on the top of its head. The Indian easily raises his little anchor, paddles leisurely after the remora, removes the captured fish into his canoe, and repeats the operation until he has caught as many fish as he wants.



MACUTO.

Soon a large boat, containing the harbour-master and custom-house and quarantine officers, came alongside. The harbour-master took us ashore with him in his big boat, which was much more suitable for landing through the surf than our own would have been. The rollers were not very formidable after all; but still a good deal of delicate management was required in order to bring the boat alongside the wooden pier. The rudder was unshipped, and the men lay on their oars till a great roller took us in; when as many of the party as had time to do so sprang out before the return wave swept the boat back. This operation had to be repeated five times before we were all landed.

In the town itself there was not much to be seen, though the view up to the hills behind was decidedly fine. La Guayra, like many other South American towns, is in a generally

dilapidated condition. It contains two *plazas*, ornamented with bronze gas lamp-posts of the most modern approved Parisian pattern, some handsome trees and some pretty flower-beds. There are a few good shops in the very untidy tumble-down-looking main streets; and the Hotel Nettuno, kept by civil Mrs. Delphine, is really not at all bad. It has nice, open, airy rooms and a pretty *patio* full of flowers—among which some exquisitely-scented white Lima lilies were conspicuous. After dinner we made our arrangements for riding to-morrow to Caracas, which mode of travelling we were assured would not take much longer than going by train. Then we returned on board in the big boat again; for it was still rough, and re-embarking was more difficult than landing had been.

Landing-place, La Guayra.

Tuesday, November 6th.—We rolled heavily all night, and I never felt much more sea-sick and altogether miserable than when I rose at 3 a.m., and by the light of a solitary candle tried to find some cool riding habiliments for our excursion. A little before five I heard with joy the sound of oars approaching; and for once in my life was really glad to leave the *Sunbeam*. Our passage ashore was again rough; and on arriving at the pier I utterly collapsed, and had to remain perfectly quiet for some time. Tom wanted me to give up the expedition altogether; but I did not wish to do that if it could possibly be helped. Luckily, perhaps, for me, there was some little delay about the mules, saddles, and so forth, and by the time they

were ready, and I had been three-quarters of an hour on shore, I began to feel better, though very weak and limp, and in anything but a fit state to enjoy such a long and fatiguing expedition as that to Caracas and back was bound to be.

In process of time most of the preliminary obstacles were overcome; and we began to climb the narrow steep streets of the town. The mules evidently did not at all approve of the excursion, for one or other of them obstinately stopped at every turning we came to, and either stood quite still, twirled round and round, or kicked furiously, according to the brute's particular temperament. We had only an ambiguous kind of Venezuela muleteer as a guide,

On the road to Caracas.

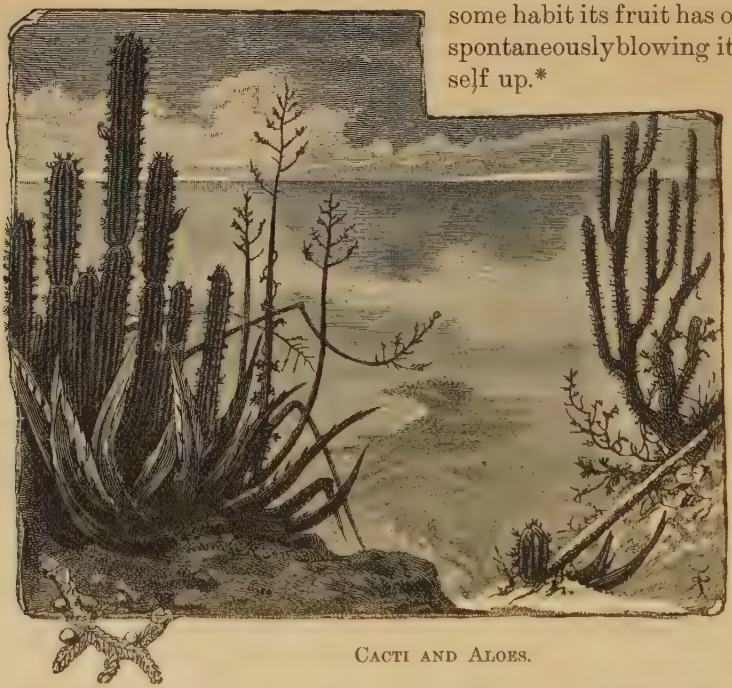
New Gun in Old Fort.

who did not know the road very well; but at length we got really clear of La Guayra, and proceeded by way of the now dry bed of a mountain-torrent, past a little old fort, with small round towers pierced for arrows. This fort has been more than once practically demolished, but has been repaired again and again, a brand new gun being finally put on top to command the bay and the shipping at anchor. Our upward path was a steep, rough staircase, the vegetation on either side of which chiefly consisted of mimosas and acacias of various kinds. The enormous cacti formed another striking feature in the landscape. Ten, twenty, thirty, and even forty feet high they reared their straight hairy angular stems, from which grew scarlet, white and yellow flowers, and branches which looked exactly as if they had been strangled by a piece of string tied too tightly round them.

As we mounted to a height of 2,000 or 3,000 feet, the change in the quality of the air was inexpressibly delicious, especially after the species of hot steam bath we had been living in for the last few days, under the rays of the burning sun. The path to Caracas fortunately lies all along the shady side of the mountain: and this made the ride delightful, especially at so early an hour in the morning, when every leaf and blade of grass was still dripping and glittering with the heavy night-dew, and emitting delicious fragrance as our mules, pushing their way through the bushes on either side of the narrow and evidently very little frequented path, trampled them under foot. Our progress was sometimes rather hazardous; for the edge of the perpendicular precipice on one side, from 1,000 to 2,000 feet deep, was completely concealed by the abundant vegetation, which the mules occasionally stopped to eat. More than once I was startled at finding my mule suddenly crane his head over to get at the top-shoots of some shrub growing just below the path, in the fissure of a precipice. One could not think much about the danger, however, for the beauty of the scene and foliage increased at every step; and I simply let the reins lie on my mule's neck, and gazed around with wonder and admiration at the tangled mass of luxuriant verdure beneath our feet, above our heads, and on every side, as we wound our way upwards. This tropical forest was more beautiful than any others I have seen; for the reason that, growing on the side of the mountain, the wood was not quite so dense and impenetrable as is ofttimes the case. It was even possible now and again to see through the forest and to catch glimpses of the plain lying at our feet: the blue sea sparkling in the sunshine beyond, and the mountains in the distance. Over our heads were grand trees, with stems rising clear from the mass of vegetation out of which they sprang, to a height of at least a hundred feet.

There were great silk-cotton trees with beautiful foliage and hanging pods; the lignum-vitæ, the wood of which is so hard that it turns the edge of the keenest tools and resists the sharpest nail; the guaiacum, with a wood almost as hard and valuable; the roble (*Catalpa longissima*), a tree very like an elm; and a graceful fan-like palm. We also saw many specimens of the travellers' palm, each leaf of which, however dusty or arid may be the spot in which the tree grows, yields, when cut by the thirsty traveller, from half a pint to a pint of water.

After riding for more than two hours we made our first halt, under a large sand-box tree, the tall thorny stem of which, with its large leaves, insignificant red spikes of flowers, curious green turban-shaped nuts of this year's growth, and brown ones of last year, we examined with much interest. The nuts are divided into segments, and look something like corrugated iron outside, being so hard and heavy that they are frequently used for paper-weights. The Latin name of the tree, *Hura crepitans*, is derived from a troublesome habit its fruit has of spontaneouslyblowing itself up.*



CACTI AND ALOES.

Another hour of travelling, through what now began to appear to us somewhat like an interminable forest, brought us to a little hut or shelter, but apparently no nearer to the end of our journey. Thence we went on mounting, through planta-

*It is remarkable that when ripe and exposed to a dry atmosphere this fruit bursts with much violence, and with a sharp crack or report as of a small pistol. The action is shown by the curiously curled portions of the individual cells of the fruit; and these sides or walls of the cells when once thus curled and parted, can never be reduced to their original form, or joined together again. Sometimes a strong wire passed round it will keep it together and quiet for a time, but I have known this insubordinate fruit to explode even after a year or more of bondage.

tions of fine coffee, protected by the usual "shade-trees," or *Madres-de-coco*. Coffee will not grow in the valleys of Venezuela, but flourishes on the higher land of the mountains. The visual effect in looking up some of the mountain slopes—entirely covered with the dark shining leaves and snow-white flowers of the coffee-plant, the berries being about the size of cherries, and of every conceivable shade of colour—was very striking. The banks on either side of the path were a mass of ferns.

At every step, now, the scenery changed, till at last we emerged into an open space, planted with sugar-canes, bananas, sweet-potatoes, and other crops. Here we discovered the origin of some extraordinary noises we had heard on the way up. A large flight of locusts was hovering about; and, just as they do in Chili and Peru, and in fact all through South America, where these plagues ravage the country, the inhabitants were beating tom-toms, tin trays, frying-pans, saucepans, and anything of the kind they could lay hands upon, besides shouting, blowing horns, and firing guns, to drive away the flight of ruthless devastators, whose brilliantly transparent wings, quivering and fluttering in the sunlight, glittered like silver snow-flakes. Beautiful as they are to look at under such conditions, the mischief these insects do is terrible to contemplate. In the present instance traces of their visit were only too apparent in the big banana-leaves, reduced to a single mid-rib; the sugar-canes and other crops levelled to the ground, and every tree stripped of its leaves and twigs and smaller branches.

Soon after this we reached another little habitation, one side of which was a school-house. The other we hoped might prove to be some sort of *venta*, or place of refreshment; for by this time we were faint and famished. Unfortunately our hopes were speedily crushed. There was not even a *puchero* or a *tortilla* to be had; nothing more substantial than a glass of cold water—very grateful in itself, but not sustaining. While the mules were partaking of light fluid refreshment, and were resting in the shade of the palm-leaf-thatched verandah, we went to see the school. The reading and writing of the pupils was highly creditable to both pupils and teacher. The latter, a very pleasant man, gave us two curious flowers which had been brought to him as an offering that morning by some of his little scholars.

From the school-house we descended slightly, and, going along the neck of the pass, 7,500 feet above the sea, we arrived at

the spot about which we had heard so much and had come so far to see. On either side Caracas or La Guayra, as the case may be, visible at once in the two valleys, one 3,000 the other 7,500 feet below our feet. It was an extraordinary, but I can scarcely call it a very beautiful, view. Its extent was very great, embracing many hundreds of miles of country, stretching far away into Venezuela; but the landscape was far too barren to be really picturesque. Caracas looked the very type of a South American town, laid out in square blocks, with streets, all running at right angles, of low, one-storied, white, stone-walled, red-roofed houses. An occasional church or public building rose above the otherwise totally flat surface of the capital of Venezuela. From the spot whence we beheld this extensive view, the path made a rapid turn, and we began to descend rapidly, passing on our way through an enormous drove of grey donkeys, carrying packages of goods of all sorts, brought by steamers to La Guayra for Caracas. By the side of a stream at the bottom of the first hill, another large drove of donkeys, also heavily laden with barrels of wine and other commodities, were being watered.

In about an hour we reached another rest-house, from which point the descent was exceedingly rapid. The sun was scorchingly hot; and more than once I felt as if I really could not struggle one step further, but must throw myself off my mule under the shade of the very first tree or point of rock we came to, to lie there, if not to die, at least to faint. Anything so fatiguing as coming down that break-neck, rocky, sandy staircase of a road, I never experienced. I must in justice say that my poor little mule, though very tired, and stumbling constantly, picked his way most carefully, and carried me safely, though with many false alarms, to the bottom. Here, so tired and stiff as to be for the time quite helpless, I was lifted off and carried to a hospitable cottage, where I was refreshed by some cold water. This was exactly seven hours after we had left the yacht.

The entrance to Caracas is by no means imposing, the transition from the open country to the streets not being marked by any walls or gates. Our guide did not know his way in the least; but, being far too proud to say so, he led us wandering all over the town until one by one the mules refused to move any further, and I insisted on asking the first respectable person that we met to direct us to the Hotel St. Amand. Here

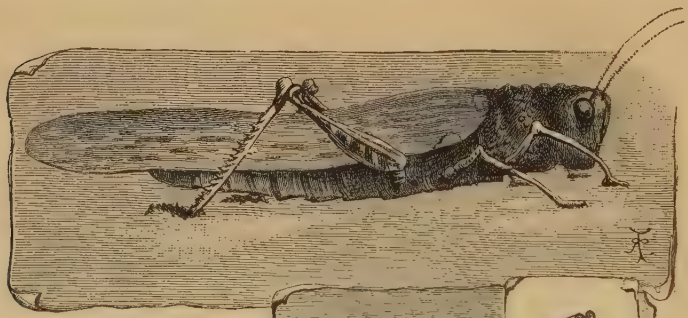
we arrived at half-past twelve, quite exhausted. We found that our telegram had been received, and that every preparation had been made for our arrival. Colonel Mansfield, our Minister Plenipotentiary here, who had heard of our intended visit, and who called to see us at the hotel, insisted on carrying us off at once to his own house, where luncheon was hospitably prepared for the whole party, and where I need scarcely say how pleasant it was to sit down at last to a well-appointed meal in a deliciously cool room.

View of Caracas.

Caracas contains some good gardens, a cathedral, a church or two, a bull-ring, and, of course, a very fine Presidential Palace. It seems rather a discrepancy that the President of the Republic of Venezuela should receive £50,000 a year, while the President of the United States only has £10,000, and the Premier of England £5,000. The present President, Guzman Blanco, is said to possess a private fortune of one million. Three beautiful country-houses are maintained for him by the State, besides his residences at Caracas and a villa by the sea for the bathing season; and altogether he lives in the greatest luxury, and rules as the most absolute despot. One example of his arbitrary mode of government may be given. Soon after the railway between Caracas and La Guayra (in which he holds a great number of shares) was opened, he issued a decree that all vehicular locomotion on the excellent coach road, which had always been hitherto used, should be entirely stopped, thereby, of course, bringing grist to the railway mill, but throwing hundreds of people, with their mules and carts, out of employment.

The public gardens in the upper part of the city are taste-

fully laid out and planted. In these gardens the same din was going on that we had heard in the morning on the mountains, with a similar object—that of driving away an army of locusts. As a matter of fact, the greater part of the horde of pests had already been dispersed or killed, although not until they had



Locust.

Cathedral and Plaza.

succeeded in stripping some of the ornamental trees of every leaf. The ground was strewn with dead locusts, among which I picked up one of the largest specimens I have ever seen. We measured him on the spot, and found he was exactly four inches and a half long from the base of the neck to the tip of the tail. The bodies of these creatures are so full of grease that it frequently happens that they interfere with the working of the trains if they get on the line. It is astonishing how very few, when crushed, will make the rails sufficiently slippery to prevent the wheels of the engine from biting, more particularly on a steep incline. To such an extent is this the case, indeed, that "Train stopped by locusts" is, I believe, not at all an uncommon telegram to be received at Caracas; while the wages

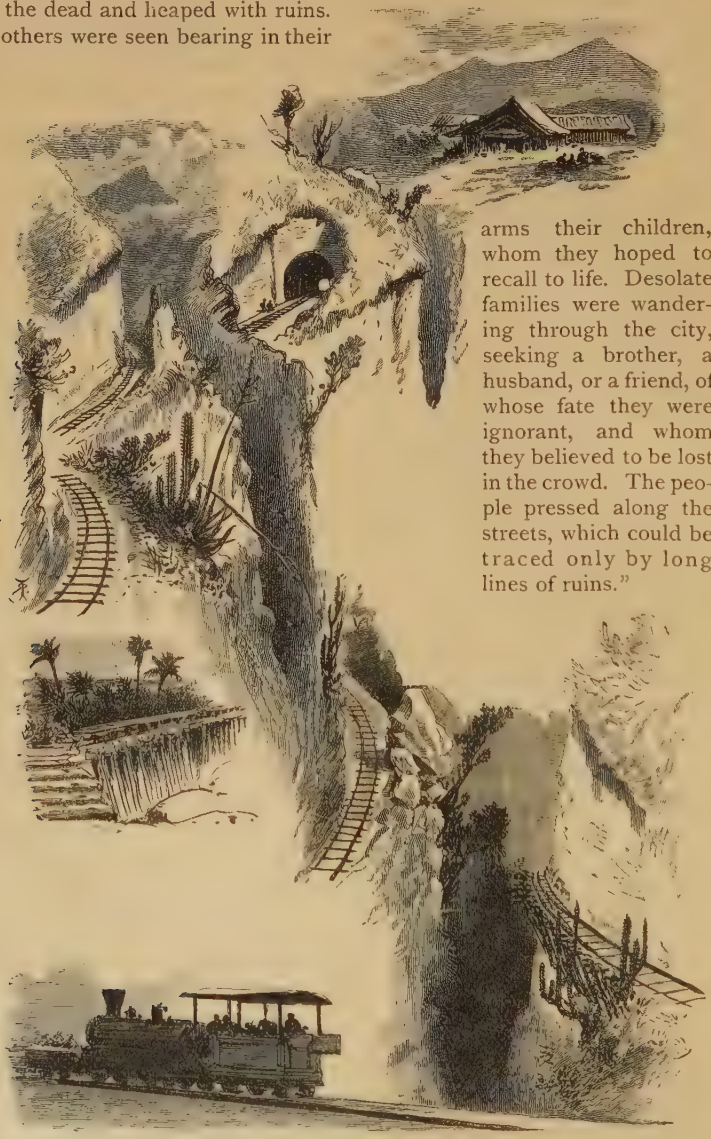
of the men who have to be employed constantly in keeping the rails properly sanded form a considerable item in the annual expenditure of the railway company.

Mr. Fraser had kindly offered to place a special train at our disposal at five o'clock, and to attach the President's car to it for our use. This arrangement enabled us to see all that was to be seen in Caracas, and to return to La Guayra the same evening.

The capital of Venezuela is not a particularly interesting place, although it contains several spacious houses, besides at least eight churches, five convents, and a theatre. Its great recommendation is the healthy position which it occupies, in a valley at the entrance to the plains of Chacao, 2,900 feet above the sea. The climate has been likened to a perpetual spring, and is, on the whole, very delightful, but it has the disadvantage of being exceedingly variable. Still, the contrast between the atmosphere of this city and the stifling heat of La Guayra, only five or six miles distant as the crow flies, though more by the mountain-path, is something almost incredible. One great disadvantage, which Caracas shares in common with a great many other parts of South America, is the frequency of the earthquakes to which it is subject. On March 26, 1812, a terrible catastrophe occurred: nearly the whole of the city being destroyed, and 12,000 of its inhabitants perishing. It was Ascension Day, and the churches were crowded. The air was still, the sky calm, and nothing occurred to give warning of the fearful event which was imminent. Suddenly a shock was felt, sufficiently severe to set all the church bells tolling. Then all again became quiet, and it was thought the danger was past. But the hope was vain; for in a few seconds afterwards a tremendous subterranean noise was heard, followed by a series of awful shocks, which nothing could resist. The grand procession, which always takes place on Ascension Day, had not yet begun to pass through the streets, but nearly four thousand people were killed in the churches alone. The barracks of El Quartel de San Carlos disappeared almost entirely, and a regiment of soldiers, drawn up under arms in readiness to join the procession, were all buried alive. Humboldt, in describing the event, says:

"The night of the festival of the Ascension witnessed an awful scene of desolation and distress. The thick cloud of dust which, rising above the ruins, darkened the sky like a fog, had settled on the ground. No commotion was felt, and never was a night more calm or more serene. The

moon, then nearly at the full, illumined the rounded domes of the Silla; and the aspect of the sky formed a perfect contrast to that of the earth which was covered with the bodies of the dead and heaped with ruins. Mothers were seen bearing in their arms their children, whom they hoped to recall to life. Desolate families were wandering through the city, seeking a brother, a husband, or a friend, of whose fate they were ignorant, and whom they believed to be lost in the crowd. The people pressed along the streets, which could be traced only by long lines of ruins."



La Guayra and Caracas Railway.

The railway from Caracas to La Guayra is a wonderful piece of work—a real triumph of engineering skill over the difficulties of nature. I believe there is only one other like it, and that is

somewere in the Himalayas. It is a narrow gauge of three feet. The distance from La Guayra to Caracas, as the crow flies, cannot be more than five or six miles: but the line is twenty-three miles long; which fact will afford some idea of the turns and twists which it has to make. The scenery is superb. The curves of the lines are so sharp that, as we stood on the end brake, the engine looked as though it belonged to another train which was coming in an opposite direction and was about to run into us. It was a wonderful journey, through splendid mountain gorges, with valleys opening out from them at every turn. Sometimes the line scarcely seemed to run on *terra firma* at all, the rails being laid on wooden brattice-work, firmly secured against the sides of the mountain, with supports below like a sort of half-bridge, over which appeared to be a fathomless abyss. We crossed many mountain torrents, on real bridges, all built of wood, bratticed with iron; some of them very long, and all of course very narrow. In many instances the curves in the middle were so sharp that the carriages seemed to hang over as we turned; and it appeared as if one or two passengers too many on the same side might cause the whole train to capsize and topple over into the gulf beneath. I was very sorry when the light first began to fade, then to die away altogether, and the brief tropical twilight came to an end, leaving us nothing but the light of the bright young moon and the stars by which to see the wonders of nature and the marvels of engineering skill. It really made one feel proud of the human race to see this triumph of mind over matter—man's ingenuity conquering nature's obstacles in this extraordinary manner.* Perhaps, after all, though we could not observe so many details, the general beauty of the landscape was enhanced by being seen by moonlight. I never beheld anything grander than the mountains or lovelier than the glens, all sparkling with fire-flies, as we glided down the steep incline towards the glittering sea, where the long rollers were slowly tumbling in and breaking heavily, in a long line of broad white surf.

We arrived at La Guayra in an hour and fifty minutes after

*To convey an idea of the aerial character of the railway at certain points, it may be stated that the line is there carried along a mere ledge cut into the face of the perpendicular rock some 3,000 feet high, and that a biscuit dropped from the train would fall 1,800 feet before touching the ground. On such a railway, it requires a steady hand and strong nerve to conduct the trains, and both drivers and guards must be provided with means to meet all emergencies.

leaving Caracas; having come slowly over several portions of the line in order to be able to admire the scenery. The sea was so rough that, although our own cutter was waiting for us, Mr. Cage took us off once more in the big boat. The embarkation was almost as tedious as our landing had been yesterday; for only one person could jump or be thrown into the boat as it approached the shore on the top of each wave, and many of the party got wet up to their knees in the process.

The difficulty of communication between vessels and the shore, in what is called the chief port of Venezuela, may appear remarkable; but it must be remembered that La Guayra is a

PEDRERA POINT.

roadstead rather than a port. The sea is constantly agitated, the violence of the wind, the strength of the tideways, and the bad anchorage all combining to render it an unpleasant place for ships to visit. It is, moreover, as I have already mentioned, a very unhealthy place: yellow fever and typhus being more or less prevalent throughout the year. It has no attractions of its own. Our sole object in visiting it was, of course, to make the wonderful journey to and from Caracas, and to see something of the latter city.

At 10 p.m. we were under way; we bade adieu to our kind friends, and our vessel's head was pointed towards Jamaica. But, unfortunately, the land-breeze, on which we had relied to give us a push-out from under the high land, had now fallen very light; and, instead of going out to sea, we slowly drifted towards shore. Presently we heard a shout from those in the

boat, who had seen our danger, and had come back to give us a friendly warning not to allow ourselves to drift ashore unknowingly, as might easily have happened, for the low coast was nearly hidden by the shadow of the high mountains behind. For about a quarter of an hour we were in considerable anxiety as to the fate of the vessel; then a few light puffs came, increasing gradually in strength, till by midnight we were well clear of the point, and bowling along in the delightful and beneficent trade-winds, at the rate of some nine or ten knots an hour.

ANGEL LIFE.

P. H. P.

A LITTLE longer in the land of Goshen,
A little longer in this world of strife;
A few more tossings on time's restless ocean,
And we shall know the charm of angel life:

Shall know the possibilities of heaven,
Shall find true happiness without alloy;
Shall see the Saviour who has all forgiven,
And realize an everlasting joy:

Shall gain the full reward of patient duty,
And find the love of Christ beyond compare;
And if on earth we fail to grasp its beauty,
Its true, sweet tenderness will touch us there.

But now a thought comes o'er the fevered fancy
To mar the fitness of the perfect whole,
Or prompted by some devil's necromancy,
To tinge with sadness the exulting soul—

What if we hear, above the angel singing—
Chilling our hearts as flowers are chilled with frost—
The wailing of the banished, ever bringing
Sad memories of loved ones who are lost?

Should we be liker Christ to sing His praises,
Forgetful of their misery and woe?
Should we resemble Him in all His phases
If we could joy while dear ones mourned below?

Oh Lord! how truly great is Thy compassion,
How high Thy purposes, how just Thy mind!
Thou dost not reason after human fashion,
"Too wise to err, too good to be unkind."

We thank Thee still for all Thy gracious dealing
With us, Thy children in our sin and strife;
And while we wait in patience Thy revealing,
Forgive us now this doubt of angel life.

HAMILTON, Ont.

OUR OWN COUNTRY.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

BY THE EDITOR.

V.

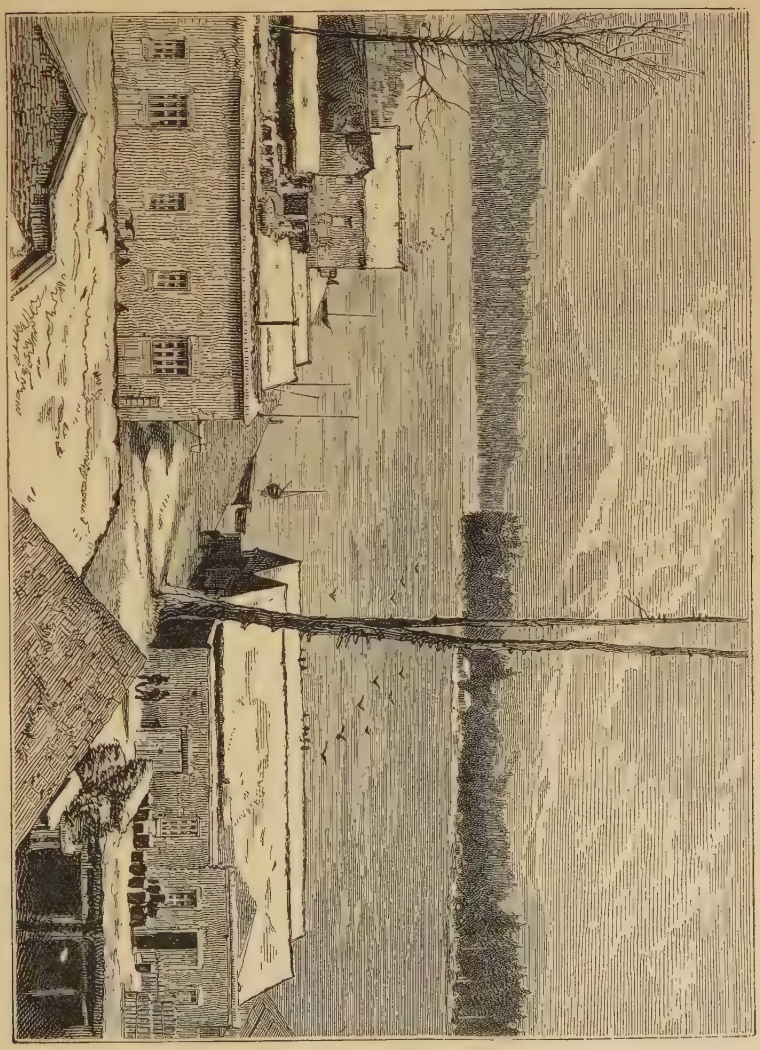
To see my old friend, the Rev. Coverdale Watson, I walked across from Port Moody to New Westminster, a distance of six miles. And a very fine walk it was, in large part through a majestic forest of Douglas pines. A great fire long ago ravaged this region, and many of the trees are now mere charred and blackened torsos of their former giant proportions. But many still stand erect, tall and stately, and crowned with living green. I stood on a stump whose diameter was nearly ten feet. One fallen monarch was over two hundred feet in length. Near New Westminster was a huge stump, thirteen paces in circumference, within whose hollow heart a good-sized tree was growing, which had been planted by the Marquis of Lorne. It was rather a lonely walk from Port Moody, without a house or clearing except a few at either end. I met only two white men in the whole distance and eight Chinamen, each of the latter bearing his personal belongings slung from the end of a bamboo pole over his shoulder.

I stopped at a large "cannery," that of Laidlaw & Co., to examine the mode of canning the famous Fraser River salmon. It was operated largely by Chinamen, of whom seventy-four were employed. For these a large boarding-house was erected on piles, like the pre-historic *phalbauten* of Switzerland. Notwithstanding all that is said to the contrary, I think the Chinese are a very cleanly race. There was a great boiler of hot water ready for their baths, and they seem forever rasping and shaving each other's heads and faces. I saw one fellow blinking in the sun while a comrade, who held him by the nose, was sedulously scraping away at his visage.

About seventy-five Indians were also employed in catching the salmon. They lived in a squalid village of crowded hovels with scarce passage-room between them. Hungry-looking dogs and well-fed-looking children swarmed in about equal proportions. Lazy-looking brawny men lounged around; some of them in bed at five p.m., while the women cleaned and

smoked the fish which were hanging in unsavory festoons from poles overhead.

Within the cannery, however, everything was clean and orderly. The salmon are caught in long nets stretched across



New Westminster, B.C.—Looking up Fraser River.

the river, and are cleaned and washed and scraped by hand. Afterwards machinery does most of the work. Circular saws cut the fish into sections, just the length of a can. The cans filled and the tops soldered on automatically by being rolled

down an incline, the corner being immersed in a groove containing a bath of molten solder. The cans are then boiled in great crates in a steam chamber at 240°. The cans are pricked with a pointed hammer to allow the steam to escape, and are deftly soldered air tight by Chinamen. When cold they are labeled and packed in cases. Nine-tenths of the entire catch goes to England. I saw Chinamen also making and packing shingles by machinery; in fact, doing most of the manual labour, and doing it well. I don't see how these great canneries could be run without them. White labour it seems impossible to get in sufficient quantity.

New Westminster occupies a magnificent situation, on a vast slope rising from the river-side to the height, I should say, of two hundred feet. From the upper streets and terraces a far-reaching view is obtained of the Lower Fraser, and the interminable pine forests on the southern shore. It has some handsome buildings, including the Anglican cathedral of stone, boasting the only chime of bells on the Coast—a gift of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. Our own church is a very tasteful and neat structure, and in the parsonage near by—honoured by the residence of such men as Robson, Derrick, Pollard, Russ, Bryant, Browning, White and Dr. Evans—I received a hearty welcome from my genial friend, the Rev. Coverdale Watson.

Bro. Watson is enthusiastic in his praises of British Columbia. He says that the people of the East do not conceive the magnificent agricultural and pastoral resources of the valley of the Fraser, the Nicola valley, and the other extensive regions of the interior.

Sumas and Chilliwhack, for instance, is a self-sustaining circuit, paying a salary of $1000. I hope to obtain from Bro. Watson a paper on our Church work among the white population of British Columbia. He had recently been on a missionary tour over part of the old Cariboo road. He described the scenery as stupendous. Our engravings will show the character of some of the landscapes of the interior.

The next morning it was pouring rain, but my friend would not allow me to leave town without making the acquaintance of a number of the good Methodists of New Westminster. So, equipped in a borrowed India-rubber coat, I fared forth in search of adventures. Those who know the relative inches of myself and my host will know that I was pretty well covered. In crossing the streets I had to lift the skirts as a lady lifts her

train. I was led to the familiar precincts of a live newspaper office, and to a number of well-filled stores that would do credit to any town in the Dominion. The C. P. R. had just completed a connecting-link from Port Moody, which cannot fail to

On the road to Cariboo Mines.

greatly promote the prosperity of the ancient capital of British Columbia.

It was a rather dismal ride in a close carriage back to Port Moody, but once on the train the scenery was all the more impressive from the sombre sky. The tremendous mountain

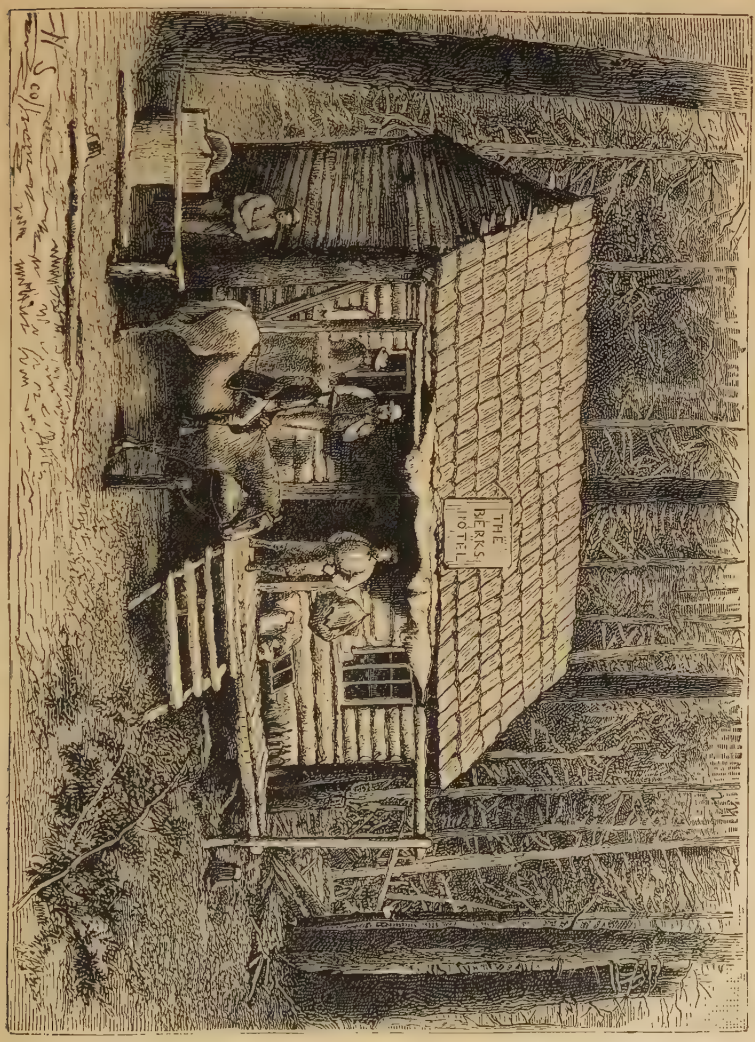
background of Yale dwarfs the little town into comparative insignificance, and forms a majestic example of mountain grandeur and gloom. Through the gathering shadows of autumn twilight we plunged into the deeper shadows of the Frazer canyon. The arrowy river, rushing white with rage so

RATTLESNAKE GRADE, B.C.

far below the track, looked uncanny and weird. The tortured mist, writhing up the gorges, looked like the ghosts of by-gone storms.

Next day was bright and beautiful, the air as clear as crystal. Flame-coloured patches of poplars contrasted with the deep green of the cedars in the valleys, and the deep, dark

purple vistas of spruce and pine, made the serrated silver crest of the mountains seem whiter still. It was a day of deep delight as we threaded the passes of the Cascades, the Selkirks, and the Rockies.



Backwoods Hotel, Vancouver, 1865.

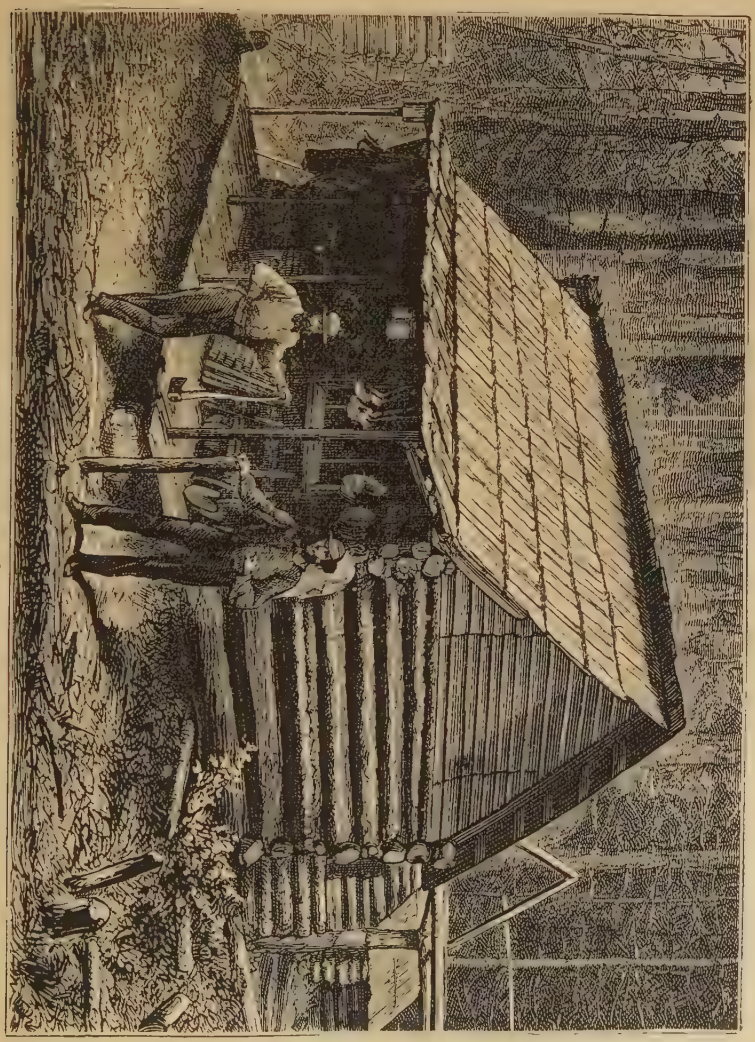
About midnight I stopped off at Banff Springs, where there is a Government reserve of about ten miles by twelve, which is being converted into a national park and health resort. A top-heavy stage-load drove two miles to the comfortable Sani-

tarium Hotel. A number of members of Parliament, including J. Small, M. W. Pryn, and J. F. Woods, Esqs., lent vivacity and mirth to the company. There is here the making of a noble national park. The crystal-clear Bow River meanders through a lovely valley, begirt by lofty mountains—Mount Cascade, rising 10,000 feet above the sea; Norquay, 9,500; Sulphur, 8,500, and other lesser peaks. There are three notable mineral hot springs which have remarkable curative properties, especially for rheumatic and cutaneous diseases. One of these springs, gushing out of the rock about 800 feet up the slope of Sulphur Mountain, is exceedingly hot—119° Fh.—almost too hot for the body to bear. Rough log tanks in a log cabin furnish facilities for a free bath. For those more fastidious, better accommodation is provided.

Another spring is more curious still. One climbs a hill about forty feet by steps cut in a soft porous rock, and reaches at the top an opening in the ground about four feet across. Through this a rude ladder protrudes. One descends the ladder into a bee-hive-shaped cave, whose sides are hung with stalactites. At the bottom is a pool, crystal-clear, of delightfully soft water at the temperature of 92°. The bottom is a quicksand from which the water boils so vigorously that the body is upborne thereby and it seems impossible to sink. At the base of the hill is still another and more vigorously boiling spring at 96°—very much like the famous Green Cove Spring in Florida. I bathed in all three of the fountains and, whatever their curative properties may be, I can bear testimony to the delightful sensations of the two cooler springs. The analysis of the hot spring is as follows:

In 100,000 parts.	
Sulphuric anhydrate	57·26
Calcium monoxide	24·48
Carbon dioxide	6·47
Magnesium oxide	4·14
Sodium oxide	27·33
	123·88
Total solids in	100,000 parts.
Calcium sulphate	56·85
Magnesium sulphate	12·39
Calcium carbonate	3·29
Sodium carbonate	35·23
Sodium sulphate	15·60
Silica, trace	.....

This is a greater proportion of these valuable chemical constituents than is possessed by the famous Hot Springs of Arkansas. The outflow of the spring is 400,000 gallons a day. Admirable roads and drives are being constructed. The



Store at Leech River Gold Mines, B.C.

hotel, when completed, will accommodate 200 persons. The elevation of this mountain valley—4,000 feet above the sea—the magnificent scenery, the romantic walks and drives and climbs, and these fountains of healing, conspire to make this one of the

most attractive sanataria on this continent. It is situated only 920 miles west of Winnipeg.

About four o'clock, I started with a travelling companion to climb Tunnel Mountain, which lies temptingly near, and rises about 2,000 feet above the valley. It was comparatively easy climbing, though in places so steep that the crumbling shale with which it was covered slipped down in great sheets as we scrambled over it. On the very highest point we noticed a small cairn of stones, in a cleft of which was thrust a written paper. On examining this, what was my surprise to find a document signed by my own son and his travelling companion, who had visited this spot a few weeks before. It was a most extraordinary coincidence that we should both happen upon the same part of the same mountain among the hundreds of peaks of this great country.

The magnificent sunset view was well worth all the fatigue of the climb. The far-winding Bow River could be traced for many a mile through the valley. The snow-capped mountains gathered in solemn conclave, like Titans on their lordly thrones, on every side. The purple shadows crept over the plain and filled the mountain valleys as a beaker is filled with wine. The snow-peaks became suffused with a rosy glow as the sun's parting kiss lingered on their brows. It was a world of silence and wonder and delight. It was with difficulty that we could tear ourselves away from the fascinating scene. Indeed, we staid too long as it was, for we had hard work to force our way through the tangled brushwood and *debris* at the foot of the mountains. We groped our way through the dark to the hotel, whose friendly light beckoned us on, and, hungry as hunters, did ample justice to the generous fare provided.

About midnight we started again on our eastward journey. It is curious how people run to and fro in the earth in these days and think little of very long journeys. On our train were a Dominion Senator, from Nova Scotia, and his daughter, returning from a trip to Victoria, B.C.; a Montreal and a Toronto merchant, the latter with his wife, returning from a business trip to the Pacific Coast; a sweet-faced mother with her four children, returning fom Seatle, in Washington Territory, to Macchias, in Maine; two French ladies returning from New Westminster to Quebec, one with a canary which she had brought from Germany; a Frenchman returning from the far West, going

Mirror Lake—In the Rockies.

to Kamouraska; a young girl travelling from Kamloops, in the Cascades, to Pictou, N.S., intending to return in the spring; three members of Parliament on a vacation trip to the Pacific; a lady from Winnipeg on a visit to friends in Scotland; a gentleman and his wife from Portage La Prairie returning to London; a veteran globe-trotter, Dr. Stephenson, prospecting for homes for the waifs of London's stony streets. Thus human shuttles are weaving the warp and woof of life all over the world. How infinite that Divine Providence that holds them all "in His large love and boundless thought."

The people that one meets are often a curious study. As the train swept round the rugged north shore of Lake Superior, in the witching moonlight which clothed with beauty every crag and cliff, I had a long conversation with an old tonsured and grey-bearded Jesuit priest, who had been a missionary in that lonely region for four and twenty years. He used to travel five hundred miles through the wilderness on snow-shoes, carrying a pack of fourteen pounds on his back. He was familiar with the classics, and knew all about Brèbeuf and Jogues, his predecessors by two hundred and fifty years in missionary labour among the scattered tribes of the wilderness. He told me that forty-eight men had been killed by nitro-glycerine in the construction of this part of the road.

It was a delightful change from the autumn gloom of the measureless pine forests of the northern wilderness to the autumn glory of the hardwood lands of Ontario. I had made the trip of over six thousand miles in comfort in less than three weeks, traversing some of the richest farm lands and some of the grandest mountain scenery in the world, and gaining a new conception of the magnificence of the national inheritance kept hidden through the ages till, in the providence of God,

> "The down-trodden races of Europe,
> Felt that they too were created the heirs of the earth,
> And claimed its division."

> Life is not an idle ore,
> But iron dug from central gloom
> And heated hot with burning years
> And dipped in hissing baths of tears
> And battered with the shocks of doom.
>
> —*Tennyson.*

AT THE ANTIPODES.

BY THE REV. T. BOWMAN STEPHENSON, LL.D.

V. TASMANIA.

My space will allow me to say but little about the charming island, Tasmania, which I regret the more because so much of interest belongs to it. It is our old friend Van Diemen's Land re-christened, and I fancy the new name is prettier than the old one. "Van *Demon's* Land" has an uncanny sound about it, and yet there is a quite romantic story associated with it. There was a brave Dutch sailor, much given to getting into parts of the world where nobody had been before. Now at that time there was a Governor of Dutch colonies who was called Van Diemen. This Van Diemen had a very nice daughter, and Captain Tasman fell in love with her. So when he discovered that beautiful island of the Southern world, he called it Van Diemen's Land, in honour of the young lady's father. After being called Van Diemen's Land for nearly a hundred years, the island was named Tasmania. And surely the name of the brave sailor who discovered it is more fitting than that of an old Dutch gentleman, about whom the best thing known is, that he had a pretty daughter.

Certainly no name could be too beautiful for that country: it is one of the most lovely under the sun. It is a good deal less than Ireland, but it has a bright, genial climate, and scenery which in some places is as soft and gentle-looking as are some bits in Kent; and in others grand and romantic as a Scottish glen. The house of one of my friends there is situated near the river Tamar. The gardens slope down to the bank of the river, on the other side of which the green meadows slope up to the foot of a range of hills covered with forest-trees, and stretching away right and left for miles; and what a garden that was which sloped down to the river's brink! There are beautiful roses, and big pansies, with creepers, red, white and purple; and yonder a great magnolia, with white blossoms as large as a man's head! Here is a Norfolk Island pine, far higher than the houses; and here a cabbage palm, and there a huge cactus, and close beside these a dear old English oak Then the strawberries! They were equalled only by the

cherries—bigger far than I ever saw anywhere else—black and white and red; hard ones and soft ones—many of them quite as big as crab-apples. There is no finer country for fruit in the world.

Tasmania was formerly a penal settlement, but transportation thither has long ago ceased; and the convict system is represented only by a few gray-headed men, who are lingering out their lives in one of the prisons. There is no longer any trace of the criminal habit or spirit in the social life of Tasmania.

For many years a blight seemed to rest upon the island. Its chief employments were agriculture and sheep-farming, and the vigorous commercial life of the neighbouring Colonies attracted the young men by better offers and brighter hopes. Recently, however, it has been found that Tasmania possesses enormous mineral wealth; and mines, like the gold mine at Beaconsfield, or the tin at Mount Bischoff, have given a very marked impulse to the prosperity of all classes.

In climate this is by far the pleasantest of the Australian Colonies, and if the mineral resources should be further developed, it will fully hold its own in the competition with its neighbours for European population.

I am not sure that in some points the harbour of Hobart Town is not finer than that of Sydney. It is certainly grander, backed as it is with the magnificent mass of Mount Wellington. The mountain and forest roads present a succession of most lovely and striking pictures. The trees are of gigantic growth, not a few rising to the height of three hundred feet. I measured one huge stump, the top of which had a diameter of nine feet. These giants of the forest rise far into the blue heavens, whilst around them grows an infinite variety of bush, creeper, and wildflower; and conspicuous as a feather-crowned queen amongst her subjects, are the graceful and wide-spreading tree-ferns.

It is sad to think that the aboriginal possessors of this fair land have all disappeared. The races of Australia seem doomed to fade away before the whites. The process of their destruction is proceeding rapidly on the mainland: the 'black fellows' are only to be found in considerable numbers far back in the interior. In Tasmania, the last man of the race died about seven years ago. So by death and life, through justice and injustice, the world swings on its way; showing mysteries which we cannot fathom, but which are open to the eye of Him

whose government is ever built on righteousness, and is working for the ultimate good.

On Christmas Day we were nearing New Zealand. With a summer sky above and a summer sea around, it was hard to realize that this was indeed Christmas Day. But we managed to eat a fragment of plum-pudding, and to wear a sprig of holly, carefully preserved for the occasion, in order that there might be some semblance of the good habits of home.

It is difficult to speak of New Zealand without apparent exaggeration. Our welcome was so hearty, so enthusiastic a hearing was given to the story I had to tell, so large-hearted and broad-minded was the generosity of the clergy of my own and other Churches, and so intense the enjoyment afforded by the sight of such varied and exquisite beauty as the country presents, that there was left upon my mind an impression which makes it difficult to think of that beautiful land with critical calmness. But on the whole, I think I must confess to the opinion that, physically, New Zealand is the finest country on the face of the earth. It consists of two principal islands, with a cluster of subordinates around them, and stretches for about a thousand miles. It has a considerable variety of climate, but none that is trying or unpleasant. Yet there are in it the strangest combinations of scenery and of soil. Mountains rising to ten thousand feet high, crowned with perpetual snow, as glorious as any that Switzerland can boast, lakes imprisoned by mighty hills, or embosomed in exquisite forests, as picturesque as Lucerne or Derwentwater; forests stretching through hundreds of miles, an immense variety of wood and leaf, and a bewildering wealth of tendril and creeper. There is a volcanic region, in which the wonderful, the grotesque, the horrible and the beautiful are strangely mingled. And so New Zealand is a sort of compendium of the best that you can find in every part of the world. Besides, there are vast and rich plains, seeming to invite the plough of the husbandman, and mines stored with untold mineral wealth. Coal and iron, the strong foundations of commercial prosperity, are there in abundance; and the coast is indented with harbours amongst the most spacious, safe and beautiful that the world can boast. We could, however, only get a glimpse of these beauties.

In the North Island we spent a couple of days in journeying through the forest; and here I had reason to admire, as indeed I often had, the spirit and enterprise of the colonists in

opening the resources of their country. The first part of our journey was by a railway, scarcely less wonderful than those of Righi and Vesuvius. Some part of it was over a gradient of one in fifteen. Then we drove through the forest for nearly seventy miles, on a roadway winding round hill-sides, and surmounting all sorts of difficulties, but kept almost as smooth and easy as an English highway. Towards the end of the journey we passed through the Man-wa-tu-gorge, which is formed by the splitting asunder of a mighty hill, the bottom of the rift being wholly occupied by a rushing river, so that the roadway has to be cut out of the face of the rock at a distance of some eighty or a hundred feet above the water. Marvellous indeed are the engineering triumphs won in the Colonies, especially when one remembers the cost of labour, and the sparseness of the population. It is fair to say, however, that all the New Zealand roads are not quite so good as this, and particularly in the Maori country, which we will visit presently.

The most romantic and uncommon scenery is to be found in the Northern Island, where a considerable tract of country is still held by the Maories. That region was guaranteed to them by treaty, about the observance of which opinions widely differ; though I am bound to say, so far as my opportunities would allow me to judge, the Government of New Zealand has dealt with the native races more honourably than in almost any other Colony I know. The district to which I refer, however, which I may call Maori Land, might also very properly be called "wonderland." It is one of the wildest, weirdest, most uncanny, most charming regions of the world, and happily it is not yet vulgarized; for it is, comparatively speaking, still inaccessible, and the barbarians who destroy the solemnity of Niagara by touting continually for shillings and dollars, have fortunately not made their way thither yet.

Leaving Auckland—a picture of beauty, with its most wonderful harbour—by the coasting steamer in the evening, we arrived next morning at Tauranga, and then engaged a vehicle, which was something between a coach, a cab, a wagonette and a merry-go-round. Drawn by four horses, we passed along a pleasant road close by the Gate Pah, the scene of one of the terrible butcheries of the Maori wars, and thence onward through an interesting forest region, until at the end of forty miles, having passed one or two picturesque lakes, we came to the village of Ohinemutu, on the banks of the lake Rotorua.

The wonder of Rotorua is its hot springs; for it lies in that belt of land which stretches almost across the country, and is of volcanic character throughout, including in its stretch one still active volcano, and terminating on the eastern coast in White Island, composed almost wholly of pure sulphur, through which, in certain parts of lake Rotorua, hot springs are continually bubbling up. They rise in many places through deep shafts or pits, in which the temperature of the water is constantly boiling, and into which to fall is certain death. Then all along the shore the earth is honey-combed with little pits and holes, each occupied by its own special spring, and these are of the most varied character. Sulphur springs, chalybeate springs, hot, cold, and tepid springs, are to be found close to each other. Some are infallible cures for rheumatism, others for every kind of ill to which the flesh is heir, and one indeed is warranted to cure baldness, being a sort of natural "hair restorer." The natives are accustomed to use these provisions of nature for almost all their culinary purposes. Potatoes may be dug out of the earth, washed, put in a little flax basket, and placed in one of the hot springs, and presently taken out cooked to a turn. One has to find one's way rather gingerly amongst these wonders; stepping aside from the narrow path is very dangerous. They tell how at one spot the fisherman can cast his bait into cool water, and having got his fish upon the hook, can with a turn of the wrist throw it over his head and behind his back into a stream that will cook it for him then and there.

A couple of miles away is still a more remarkable place, called Whack-arwa-arewa, where the deposits of sulphur are much larger; and geysers, springing often to the height of from twenty to twenty-five feet, are in continual operation. A few miles further around the shores of the lake there is a horrible place called Tikitere. The irruptions are densely sulphurous, and the ground is torn up into holes, some of them twenty or thirty feet across, in which, at a depth of perhaps twenty feet, you may see hot mud of a bluish-black colour, sullenly boiling, and every now and then ejecting a little torrent of this slimy fluid, as though it were the tongue of some demon thrust out to seize its prey. If Dante had wanted a gate for his Inferno, he could have found it there. As I went shuddering past one of these horrible openings, I could not help thinking of Bunyan's description of the road which led close past the mouth of hell.

Next morning we started for Rotomahana, which means the "lake of hot water." Six stalwart Maori boatmen conveyed us across the intervening lake, and then a walk of a mile over a neck of land brought us to the wonders we were seeking. The temperature of the lake varies in different parts of it, but it is nowhere less than tepid. It would seem to have been a crater of some mighty volcano, for under it and all around it are still working mighty and mysterious forces. At one point we saw pure steam rushing out of a hole in the side of the hill with far more than the force and noise of a railway engine blowing off steam in a station. At another place we saw geysers boiling up to a prodigious height; and at various points around the lake these wonders reappeared with almost every conceivable modification and size.

But most remarkable of all, a sight never to be forgotten, were the white and pink terraces. I have no hope of being able to convey, without the aid of illustrations, any idea of the exquisite beauty of these terraces, or even of their shape, outline and peculiarities. The terraces are in nature, what the Taj Mahal at Agra is in architecture, a thing indescribable—a fairy city of lace carved in pure marble; a thousand waterfalls suddenly frozen and fringed with icicles. Perhaps you will best picture it to yourselves as a steep hillside, artificially terraced so as to form hundreds of tiny lakes; but the stonework enclosing and sustaining each little lake is of white marble, fringed with stalactites resembling the most creamy-white coral, which grows more beautiful year by year, as the ever-trickling water drips over it. So rapid is the deposit, that fern leaves and sticks which drop into the water are in a few days so thickly incrusted that they look as if they had been crystallized by a confectioner; and sometimes a dead bird falls in, and is apparently petrified, while its form is still quite preserved.

The total height of the white terraces is about one hundred and fifty feet, and the width at the base about three hundred feet; but the amount of beauty of detail crowded into this space baffles description. While some of the terraces are so deep and bold as to suggest marble battlements of fairy citadels, others resemble gigantic clam-shells, filled to the brim with the exquisite blue water, sometimes tinged with violet, which, as it drips from the lip of the shell, forms a deep fringe of the loveliest stalactites, generally pure white, but sometimes tinged

with other colours. Each great shell-like bath partly overhangs the one below it, so that in some the bather can find shelter from the sun beneath this wonderful canopy with its dripping gems. All the lovely forms of frost crystals are here produced in enduring material.

The source of all this beauty is a large boiling pool, situated about one hundred and fifty feet above the lake. It is about thirty feet in diameter. By watching the ebb and flow of the boiling waves, it is generally possible to reach this island and look into the water-crater. Here, from unfathomable depths, wells a fountain of the most exquisite torquoise blue, and through the crystalline waters you discern the coral-like border which fringes both the inner and outer lip of the great porcelain basin which lines the crater.

The temperature of the crater is nearly boiling point; but the water gradually loses its heat as it descends, and the basins near the level of the lake are comparatively cool. So this wonderful series of shell-shaped baths are not only of all sizes and depths, but also of every degree of temperature; and the height of luxury in bathing is to revel in each by turn, increasing in warmth as you approach the summit, or decreasing as you descend towards the lake.

I have seen several of the most beautiful sights the world has to show: the after-glow on the Bernese Alps; the Shreckhorn, lifting its white walls for seven thousand feet above the summit of the Great Scheideck; the thousand isles sleeping on the breast of the St. Lawrence; the Niagara, with its inexpressible beauty: but ranging with these great pictures, which can never be surpassed till we see the city of jasper and gold, is my memory of the white terrace at Rotomahana.

Of the social aspects of life in New Zealand I have little room left to speak. Perhaps one cannot in a few words describe its general characteristics better than by saying, that there is perhaps no country to which an Englishman could emigrate in which he would be likely to feel so much at home as in New Zealand. There is of course the same readiness to adopt novelties, and the same disregard for conventionalities and antiquities which is noticeable in all new countries. But on the whole I am disposed to think that what is best in English life is more completely reproduced in New Zealand than in any other Colony. One might hesitate in this respect to give the palm to New Zealand over South Australia, if it were not

that the climate of the former is to an Englishman so very preferable to that of the latter. The province of Otago is Scotland over again, and Dunedin is veritably a New Edinburgh. The Scotch accent greets you as you pass along the streets, and on all hands you are reminded of the presence of Scottish acuteness, intelligence and persistency. In that part of the country Presbyterianism is as completely the principal denomination as in North Britain; and the pretensions of the Church of England are looked upon with a mingling of amusement and pity. In the province of Canterbury the Church of England holds a position of power, which is not, however, altogether unchallenged. And taking the country throughout, the Methodist Church holds a very strong and influential position, which is likely to be increased should the union amongst the various Methodist bodies, which is already matter of negotiation, be carried into effect.

I cannot close these hasty notes without a tribute of affectionate respect to my brethren of the Methodist Church in the Southern world. The brethren in New Zealand, in largeness of heart, in breadth and strength of mind, and in devotion to the interests of the kingdom of God, hold no second place.

STAY AT HOME.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

STAY, stay at home, my heart, and rest,
Home-keeping hearts are happiest;
For those that wander—they know not where—
Are full of trouble and full of care:
To stay at home is best.

Weary and homesick and distressed,
They wander East, they wander West,
And are baffled and beaten and blown about
By the winds of the wilderness of doubt:
To stay at home is best.

Then stay at home, my heart, and rest;
The bird is safest in its nest;
O'er all that flutter their wings and fly
A hawk is hovering in the sky:
To stay at home is best.

THE MINOR POETS OF METHODISM.

BY THE REV. JOHN A. WILLIAMS, D.D.,

A Superintendent of the Methodist Church.

III.

THE roll of those who became illustrious in the early history of Methodism contains the name of John Bakewell. He was born at Brailsford, Derbyshire, in 1721, and at an early age was led to repentance and faith, and finally to newness of life, through reading "Boston's Fourfold State," a book at one time in great repute among religious people. Mr. Bakewell commenced to preach in 1749, and from that time to the end of his long life he was one of the most useful and honoured of Mr. Wesley's lay-helpers. He was on intimate terms with many of the leaders in the Methodist revival. He was present at the ordination of the saintly John Fletcher, in the church at Whitehall, and afterwards accompanied him to West Street Chapel, where Mr. Wesley was administering the Lord's Supper. Mr. Bakewell was a beautiful example of that true catholicity which marked the early Methodists, and of fervent attachment to that form of doctrine he at first received. He was the friend and associate of Thomas Olivers, and it was at his house, during his residence in Westminster, that Olivers wrote his immortal hymn, "The God of Abraham praise." He travelled extensively —London, Kent, Bedford, and Lancashire, being benefited by his evangelistic services. As the author of our 170th hymn his name will be kept green forever:

> Hail, thou once despised Jesus !
> Hail, thou Galilean King !

It first appeared in "A Collection of Hymns addressed to the Holy, Holy, Holy, Triune God, in the Person of Jesus Christ our Mediator and Advocate, 1757." It is not found in the collection published by Mr. Wesley in 1780, but in the edition of the hymn-book of 1797, a copy of which is now before me, the hymn is found. The revisers of the hymn-book in 1808 left it out, and it was not restored to the Wesleyan Church till the publication of the supplement in 1831. It is an exquisite lyric —truly evangelical, hopeful and exultant; every stanza an inspiration and a joy. It is widely known; all evangelical Churches in England and America sing it rejoicingly.

The fifth line of the second verse of the hymn, as given in our hymn-book, is weak and faulty:

> All Thy people are forgiven
> Through the virtue of Thy blood;

This sentiment "leans too much to Calvinism." Bakewell wrote:

> Every sin may be forgiven
> Through the virtue of Thy blood;

and he closed his hymn with a verse not found in any of the collections:

> Soon we shall with those in glory
> His transcendent grace relate;
> Gladly sing the amazing story
> Of His dying love so great;
> In that blessed contemplation,
> We for evermore shall dwell,
> Crowned with bliss and consolation,
> Such as none below can tell.

Mr. Bakewell died at Lewisham, near London, in 1819, being at his death ninety-eight years old. He rests near his friend Wesley, in the graveyard attached to the City Road Chapel. On his tombstone is found this inscription:—"He adorned the doctrine of God our Saviour eighty years, and preached His glorious Gospel about seventy years. The memory of the just is blessed."

Robert Carr Brackenbury, of Raithby Hall, Lincolnshire, was a local preacher, and rendered invaluable service in the great revival. He was a gentleman of wealth and family, educated at St. Catharine's Hall, Cambridge, and intended for the ministry of the Established Church. On his conversion he joined the Methodist Society, and became one of Mr. Wesley's most intimate friends. In the *Journal*, under the date of July 5th, 1779, it is said: "We went to Raithby. It is a small village on the top of a hill. The shell of Mr. Brackenbury's house was just finished, near which he has built a chapel. It was quickly filled with deeply serious hearers. I was much comforted among them, and could not but observe, while the landlord and his tenants were standing together, how

> 'Love, like death, makes all distinctions void.'"

Here many of the itinerants of the time found a welcome and a home. In his "Sacred Poetry; or, Hymns on the Principal

Histories of the Old and New Testament," he embodies his feelings towards those whose ministry cheered and consoled him—

Lord, I Thy messengers receive
And gladly their report believe,
Who by Thy order testify
Of judgment and salvation nigh.
Hunted by all the faithless race,
Here they shall find a resting-place ;
And, till the storm is turned aside,
Secure beneath my roof abide.

My love they amply will repay,
If I their warning voice obey,
Hang out the covenanted sign,
The sacred red, the blood divine ;
Then though Thy plagues our land o'erflow,
And lay our lofty cities low,
No evil shall I fear or dread,
Protected by the *scarlet thread.*

Another note from the *Journal* will give us a further insight into his character.

"At Horncastle the wild people were more quiet; I suppose because they saw Mr. B. standing by me, whom they knew to be in the Commission of the Peace for that part of the county." No wonder Robert Carr Brackenbury was one of John Wesley's favourite companions. He was a thoroughly devoted man, full of zeal, deeply loved and deeply loving. Though of delicate constitution, he accompanied Wesley to Holland and to Scotland, and, in conjunction with Captain Webb, was the instrument in promoting a wonderful work of grace in the West of England. He was the first Methodist preacher that visited the Channel Islands and Jersey, whence the revival extended to France and other parts of the continent.

The following, written with a pencil, was found on a seat in a grove on the Raithby estate:—

Beneath this solitary shade,
Impervious to the solar ray,
Dear Guardian Power, my musings aid,
Oft as my footsteps hither stray.

Let this delightful gloom suggest
Lessons of import deep and high ;
While conscious awe steals o'er my breast,
That God, the All-seeing God, is nigh.

Soon must I quit this loved retreat,
And waft my flight to distant spheres ;
O might I gain that fairest seat,
Where unveil'd excellence appears !

Meantime my spirit, thither borne
On wings of hope and warm desire,
Earth's gayest scenes shall nobly scorn,
And ever to its Source aspire !

When too weak to preach, he gave vent to the feelings of his soul in hymns to the great Source of his spiritual life. So on Mark v. 19–20 he sings :

Jesus, at Thy command I go,
And to my friends the wonders show
Which Thou to me hast shown ;
Thou hast Thy pardoning love revealed,
The fiend out of my heart expelled,
And claimed it for Thine own.

While thus I testify of Thee,
With genuine meek humility,
Thy witness, Lord, inspire ;
That all my friends may wake, and fear,
And listen till Thyself they hear,
And catch the heavenly fire.

Didst Thou in me Thyself reveal,
That I Thy goodness might conceal,
Or boastingly proclaim ?
No, but Thou wilt my wisdom be,
And give me true simplicity,
To glorify Thy name.

Wherefore, in confidence of grace,
I tell to all the ransom'd race
What Thou for me hast done ;
That all the ransom'd race may find
The present Saviour of mankind,
And praise my God alone.

Some parts of his poem, based upon the story of Naomi and Ruth, and applied to a minister and his spiritual children, are exceedingly sweet and pathetic.

Turn again, my children, turn ;
Wherefore would you go with me ?
O forbear, forbear to mourn,
Jesus wills it so to be ;
Why, when God would have us part,
Weep ye thus, and break my heart ?

Go in peace, my children, go,
  Only Jesus' steps pursue ;
He shall pay the debt I owe,
  He shall kindly pay for you ;
He your sure reward shall be,
Bless you for your love to me. . . .

O entreat me not to leave
  Thee, my faithful guide and friend ;
Let me to my father cleave,
  Let me hold thee to the end ;
Thy own child in Christ I am,
Follow thee as thou the Lamb.

Where thou goest I still will go,
  Thine shall be my soul's abode,
Thou shalt be my weal or woe,
  Thine my people and my God,
Where thou diest, with joy will I
Lay my weary head and die.

There will I my burial have
  (If it be the Master's will) ;
Sleeping in a common grave,
  Till the quick'ning trump I feel ;
Call'd with thee to leave the tomb,
Summon'd to our happy doom.

God do so to me and more,
  If from thee, my guide, I part ;
Till the mortal pang is o'er
  Will I hold thee in my heart ;
And when I from earth remove,
Meet thee in the realms above.

Among the last letters written by Mr. Wesley was an affectionate invitation to Mr. Brackenbury to visit him in London, which he did, and saw his friend and counsellor die, and followed him to his grave, and so realized the fulfilment of his own resolve. He survived Mr. Wesley some twenty-seven years. He died at his seat, Raithby Hall, near Spilsby, Lincolnshire, in August, 1818. In death as in life he expressed strong confidence in God, and the fullest reliance on the atonement of Jesus Christ. His dying request, that he might not be made the subject of human panegyric, led Montgomery to write the following lines for his tablet :—

"Silent be human praise !
  The solemn charge was thine,—
  Which widow'd love obeys,

And on thy lowly shrine
Inscribes the monumental stone
With 'Glory be to God alone!'"

Thomas Olivers, one of the most noted of Mr. Wesley's assistants, was a Welsh shoemaker, born at Tregonan, in the basin of the Severn, North Wales, in the year 1726. He was converted through the preaching of Whitefield when he was about twenty-five years of age, and from that time forth became an humble, devoted, and laborious Christian. In 1756 he became an itinerant preacher, and for forty years preached the Gospel in many parts of England, Ireland and Scotland, his ministry being fruitful both in conversions and in persecutions. He is described as a man of robust mind and great versatility of talents, an able and convincing preacher, and a masterly controversialist. Christophers, in his "Poets of Methodism," thus describes Olivers' personal appearance, as furnished by an eye-witness of the great Cornwall out-door service in September, 1773: "The other figure standing by Wesley was that of a man rather taller and less neatly made—a man in the prime of life, with a face that could not be looked at without interest, open, well formed, and manly. The eye, that kindled and flashed as the mighty music of the hymn rose from the enthusiastic multitude, was the eye of a thinker—keen, telling of logical wariness and ready skill, and giving out, in harmony with its kindred features, expressions of genius, humour, boldness, ardent temper, and vivid imagination." Olivers was one of the most eloquent defenders of Mr. Wesley and the Wesleyan cause against the attacks of Toplady, Rowland and Richard Hill, and others. Rowland Hill's tract, under the title of an "Imposture Detected," which contained a furious attack upon Mr. Wesley, was replied to by Olivers in a caustic *brochure*, entitled "A Rod for a Reviler." These Hills, in conjunction with Toplady, lampooned Olivers as they did all who opposed them in their crusade against Free Grace and Conditional Salvation. Enumerating Mr. Wesley's champions, Hill wrote thus:

"I've 'Tommy Olivers,' the cobbler
(No stall in England holds a nobler);
A wight of talent universal,
Whereof I'll give a brief rehearsal:
He, with one brandish of his quill,
Can knock down Toplady and Hill."

The Methodistically-educated Welshman was more than a

match for the Calvinistic trio. In Mr. Hill's "finishing stroke," he refers to Olivers "as one Thomas Oliver, *alias* Olivers," to which Mr. Fletcher replies: "This author was twenty-five years ago a mechanic (like '*one*' Peter, '*alias*' Simon, a fisherman; and '*one*' Saul, '*alias*' Paul, a tent-maker), has had the honour of being promoted to the dignity of a preacher of the Gospel; and his talents as a writer, a logician, a poet, and a composer of sacred music, are known to those who have looked into his publications." While on a visit to his friend, John Bakewell, in Westminster, he went to a Jewish synagogue, and being impressed with an old Hebrew melody, sung by Dr. Leoni, he returned home and produced his grand hymn, "The God of Abraham." It was published as "A Hymn to the God of Abraham, in three parts, adapted to a celebrated air sung by the priest, Signor Leoni, at the Jews' synagogue, in London." The fourth edition appeared in 1772, and the thirtieth a short time before his death, in 1799. It forms Hymns 38, 39, and 40 in the Methodist Hymn Book. It is probably the finest ode in the English language. "The theme," says Nutter, in his "Hymn Studies," "is the grandest possible, and the execution is in keeping with it. The author begins in a daring strain, and he never flags; but from line to line, and from stanza to stanza, he sings and soars, and soars and sings of God and heaven like one inspired. The metre is peculiar, the rhythm excellent, and the language remarkable. Very few short hymns survive for any length of time without verbal changes; but here is a lyric of twelve stanzas which has been in use more than a century and not a line, not even a word, has been altered." James Montgomery, a distinguished hymn-writer, states: "The man who wrote this hymn must have had the finest ear imaginable; for on account of the peculiarity of the measure, none but a person of equal musical and poetic taste could have produced the harmony perceptible in the verse." This hymn has been an inspiration to thousands of saintly men and women, and their song "in the house of their pilgrimage." A brother beloved in a Western Conference—whose long-continued sickness is a cause of sorrow to his many friends—in a letter to an old colleague, expresses his confidence in God, and his hope of the future in the words of Olivers' incomparable hymn:

> He by Himself hath sworn,
> I on His oath depend,
> I shall, on eagle's wings upborne,
> To heaven ascend;

I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.*

The present writer, in the days of his younger manhood, sat by the bedside of one who has long been a "partaker of the glory to be revealed," and we repeated together this hymn, and at the words, as they were just on the lips—

Hail, Abraham's God, and mine!

she passed

To join the heavenly lays

and

Sing in songs which never end
The wondrous Name.

The great theologian, Rev. Richard Watson, as he came to the end of his useful life, frequently repeated the verse—

I shall behold His face.

"When," said he, "shall I leave this tenement of clay for the wide expanse? When shall the nobler joys open and I see my God?" And then the song breaks forth again:

I *shall* behold His face,
I *shall His* power adore!
And sing the wonders of *His* grace
For evermore.

His grand Judgment Hymn is not so well known at the present time as it was fifty years ago. It was written four years after, as he says, the Lord had appeared to the eyes of his mind. The hymn, as first published in Leeds, consists of twenty stanzas. It is evidently founded on Rev. ii. 7. It might be called the English *Dies Iræ*. We give a few of the stanzas of it as it appeared in the first edition:

Come, immortal King of Glory,
Now in majesty appear,
Bid the nations stand before Thee,
Each his final doom to hear;
Come to judgment,
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come.

Speak the word and lo! all nature
Flies before Thy glorious face;

* Since this was written the dear brother has "slipped away to life."

Angels, sing your great Creator,
Saints, proclaim His sovereign grace,
While ye praise Him,
Lift your heads and see Him come. . . .

Crowns and sceptres fall before Him,
Kings and conquerors own His sway,
Fearless potentates are trembling,
While they see His lightnings play;
How triumphant
Is the world's Redeemer now! . . .

"Come," He saith, ye heirs of glory,
Come, ye purchase of My blood,
Bless'd ye are, and bless'd ye shall be,
Now ascend the mount of God;
Angels guard them
To the realms of endless day.

See ten thousand flaming seraphs,
From their thrones as lightning fly;
"Take," they cry, "your seats above us,
Nearest Him who rules the sky;
Favourite sinners,
How rewarded are you now!"

Haste and taste celestial pleasure;
Haste and reap immortal joys;
Haste and drink the crystal river;
Lift on high your choral voice,
While archangels
Shout aloud the great Amen."

For forty-six years he continued to instruct the people in saving truth; and amid all the inconveniences of the Methodist itinerancy of that time, he managed to become well read in English theology and to learn enough of the original languages of the sacred volume to make him a successful student and expounder of God's word. His poetic genius was cultured and brought into exercise for his Master's sake. While in Ireland his tuneful soul put forth his "Hymn of Praise to Christ," which was set to music by an Irish gentleman and sung in anthem style before the Bishop of Waterford in his cathedral on Christmas Day.

Our Hymn 116 is also by Olivers. It was written about 1769, and was found at the end of a short account of the death of Mary Langson, who died at Foxall, in Cheshire. The hymn has all the peculiarities of Olivers, and consists of six verses; the last two verses, omitted from our book, are as follows:

Now I see with joy and wonder
Whence the gracious spring arose ;
Angels' minds are lost to ponder
Dying love's mysterious cause ;
But the blessing,
Down to all, to me it flows.

This has set me all on fire,
Strongly glows the flame of love ;
Higher mounts my soul and higher,
Struggles for its swift remove ;
Then I'll praise Thee
In a nobler strain above.

His last effusion was "A Descriptive and Plaintive Elegy on the death of the late Reverend John Wesley." He loved Wesley with an affection that was deep and sincere. We give the closing stanzas of the elegy, as showing the author's feeling, and the thought and sympathy awakened by the departure of England's apostle :

But chiefly *we*, who bear his sacred shame,
Who feed his flock, and still revere his name,
Let us unite in one, and strive with mutual care,
To help his children on, and all their burdens bear.

For this let us, like him, the world disdain ;
For this, like him, rejoice in toil and pain ;
Like him, be bold for God, like him our time redeem,
And strive, and watch, and pray, and live, and die like him.

He died in Hoxton, London, in March, 1799, in the seventy-fourth year of his age, and his mortal remains were interred in Mr. Wesley's own tomb.

HE KNOWS.

"So I go on not knowing ;
I would not if I might ;
I would rather walk in the dark with God,
Than go alone in the light ;
I would rather walk with Him by faith,
Than walk alone by sight.

"My heart shrinks back from trials
Which the future may disclose,
Yet I never had a sorrow
But what the dear Lord chose ;
So I send the coming tears back ;
With the whispered word, 'He knows!'"

METHODISM AND THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

BY THE REV. JOHN PHILP, M.A.

Our purpose is to consider the influence of Methodism in its relation to the rise and progress of the great Sunday-school movement. The subject, therefore, is one of intense interest. It introduces us to the brightest circles of life, and bids us note the origin and development of that divinely-honoured agency which has specially in view the spiritual instruction and well-being of childhood and youth.

What a joy is childhood! What a ministry of love and power! What a heaven is there in its presence and smile! The innocence and beauty of life's morning charm us all. Emerson has styled infancy, "The perpetual Messiah which comes to the arms of fallen men and pleads with them to return to Paradise." Worthy of abiding record are the exquisitely beautiful and pathetic lines of Dickenson touching the children:

> "They are idols of heart and of household,
> They are angels of God in disguise;
> His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
> His glory still gleams in their eyes.
> O those truants from home and from heaven,
> They have made me more manly and mild!
> And I now know how Jesus could liken
> The kingdom of God to a child."

"Who shall have the youth?" is the question of the age. One has well said, "We elect the coming generations to dignity and glory, or we reprobate them to infamy and disgrace, as we answer this question." Conscious of this, the Christian Church has sought to answer it for the highest interest of humanity, in the divinely authorized and acknowledged agency of the Sunday-school.

Methodism from the very beginning has been the friend and patron of this organization. The genius of Methodism makes it peculiarly alive to the interests of childhood and youth. It comes with a Gospel that takes in the children. It proffers salvation to the youngest of the home circle. It inculcates the doctrine of conscious conversion, heart-renewal, for the little child, as well as for those of riper experience and years.

Thus Wesley, in his Journal, recounts with joy the conversion

of forty-three children, and mentions by name several examples of early piety. Again, he speaks of his visit to Kingswood school, and how he went in and joined the boys in their prayer-meeting. The Lord seemed to rest upon them all and pierced their hearts with deep conviction. "I exhorted them," he says, "never to rest till they found peace with God, and then sang and prayed with them. When I concluded, one of them broke out in prayer that quite astonished me, and during the whole day a peculiar spirit of seriousness rested on all the children." We need not wonder that with such a recognition of the love and grace of Christ for childhood, as is expressed in these references, Methodism should early seek to use the Sunday-school as an important and vital agency in leading the youth to the Saviour.

Robert Raikes is regarded, and justly, as the founder of Sunday-schools. We would not willingly despoil him of one laurel-wreath of honour which the grateful years have placed upon his brow. He well deserves all the praise and glory that the century has given him. It is, however, only just to say that the idea of Sunday-school instruction had been conceived and had taken practical form some years before the important movement which Raikes inaugurated in 1780. Wesley established in his parish at Savannah, Georgia, a Sunday-school as early as 1736. Mr. Delamotte, a gentleman who came to Georgia along with Oglethorpe and Wesley, was of great assistance in establishing this school, and continued it after Wesley returned to England. "The features of the school were of the most apostolic pattern, and the success of it was wonderful, one of its immediate results being a revival of great power, beginning among the children and pervading the whole Church."

Mrs. Susannah Wesley, about the year 1765, established a Sunday-school in the parish of Epworth, of which her husband was rector. The nature and methods of her school, we are told, were very much the same as that of Mr. Raikes, although with a more religious basis. Hannah Best, a young Methodist lady, had a Sunday-school at High Wycombe fourteen years before Robert Raikes began his at Gloucester. Sophia Cooke, who afterward became the wife of Samuel Bradburn, was the first who suggested to Raikes the Sunday-school idea. All honour to the young ladies of Methodism. May many more of them follow in the steps of Sophia Cooke and link their fortunes with the itinerant Bradburns of the Church.

When Raikes asked the question, "What can be done for these ragged children?" Sophia Cooke, with her practical Methodist heart, answered, "Take them to church and teach them to read;" and she marched with him at the head of his troop of ragged urchins the first Sunday they were taken to the parish church.

John Wesley, thirty years prior to the first Sunday-school of Raikes, had been in the habit of assembling children in various parts of England for the purpose of religious instruction. We find in his journal of date, October 12th, 1760, the following entry:

"I had appointed the children to meet at Bristol. Thirty of them came to-day, and above fifty more on the Sunday and Thursday following. I met them all together twice a week; and it was not long before God began to touch some of their hearts."

In later years notices of Sunday-schools were frequent in his Journals. Thus, in 1784, he writes:

"I preached morning and afternoon in Bingley Church, but it would not near contain the congregation. Before service I stepped into the Sunday-school, which contains two hundred and forty children, taught every Sunday by several masters and superintended by the curate. So many children in one parish are restrained from open sin, and taught, at least, a little good manners, as well as to read the Bible. I find these schools springing up wherever I go. Perhaps God may have a deeper end therein than men are aware of. Who knows but some of these schools may become nurseries for Christians."

Hence the origin of the familiar and beautiful adage, "The Sunday-school, the nursery of the Church." Three years later we find another entry in his Journal:

"We went on to Bolton. Here are eight hundred poor children taught in one Sunday-school by about eighty masters, who receive no pay but what they are to receive from the Great Master. About one hundred of them are taught to sing; and they sang so true that, all singing together, they seemed to be but one voice. In the evening I desired forty or fifty of the children to sing 'Vital Spark of Heavenly Flame.' Although some of them were silent, not being able to sing for tears, yet the harmony was such as I believe could not be equalled in the King's Chapel."

Still another entry is made, and one of peculiar interest, as it emphasizes even more strongly the pathos and power of song:

"We have near a hundred trebles, boys and girls, selected out of our Sunday-schools and accurately taught, such as are not found in any chapel, cathedral, or music room within the four seas. Besides the spirit with

which they sing—the beauty of many of them so suits the melody that I defy any to excel it except the singing of the angels in our Father's House. I met between nine hundred and one thousand of the children belonging to our Sunday-schools; I never saw such a sight before. They were all exactly clean and well-behaved. Many, both boys and girls, had as beautiful faces as I believe England or Europe can afford. When they all sang together, and none of them out of tune, the melody was beyond that of any theatre; and, what is best of all, many of them truly fear God and some rejoiced in His salvation."

Such are a few of the incidental references made to the relation of Methodism to the Sunday-school, when first it began to assume form and develop power in the Old Land.

To the honour of those connected with it let it be said, that from the inception they gave their services gratuitously, expecting no other reward than that which comes from the consciousness of doing good. The value of their labour in educating the poor of England is of so great and general a magnitude that it cannot be specified. "Some of the noblest men of the Empire never received any other scholastic training than what they obtained from the Sunday-school."

In turning to this Continent, we find that as early as the year 1784 the following paragraph was incorporated in the Discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church:

"'On the Instruction of Children.' Ques. 'What shall we do for the rising generation?' Ans. 1. 'Where there are ten children, whose parents are in Society, meet them an hour each week, but where this is impracticable meet them once in two weeks. 2. Procure our instructions for them, and let all who can, read and commit them to memory. 3. Explain and impress them upon their hearts. 4. Talk with them every time you see any at home. 5. Pray earnestly for them, and diligently instruct and exhort all parents at their own homes. 6. Let the elders, deacons, and preachers take a list of the names of the children. 7. Preach especially on education.'"

As a sequence of this, Sunday-schools were established in many places. Of one of these schools the following definite and satisfactory record is made:

"A Sunday-school was taught in Hanover County, Virginia, at the house of Mr. Thomas Crenshaw, who in 1827 (forty-one years later) was a living witness of the fact, as was also the Rev. John Charleston, a minister of thirty-nine years' service in the Church, who had been converted in that school."

In the year 1790 the Methodist Episcopal Church held a Conference at Charleston, South Carolina. In this very city, a little before, a minister had been treated with great indignity

and cruelty, severely beaten and deluged with water, for the crime of conducting a Sunday-school for the benefit of the African children of that community; but Methodism, true to her record, sought to pay back the indignity by a double measure of that charity which "suffereth long and is kind." In the deliberations of the Conference we find this minute:

"'What can be done in order to instruct poor children, black and white, to read?' Ans. 'Let us labour as the heart and soul of one man to establish Sunday-schools in or near the place of worship. Let persons be appointed by the Bishops, Elders, Deacons, or Preachers to teach, gratis, all that will attend and have capacity to learn from six in the morning until ten, and from two in the afternoon until six, when it does not interfere with public service. The Council shall compile a proper school book to teach them learning and piety.'"

This we may regard as the first definite statement and account put on record of the establishment of Sunday-schools on this Continent. Associated as it is with the spirit of persecution on the part of its opposers, it stands forth as another witness to the suggestive fact of history, that through the ages the baptism of trial seems to have been designed, in the Divine purpose, as the quickening and consecrating agency; the means, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, by which the Church, in her conscious weakness and dependence, should be roused to seek for closer communion with Christ, and thereby greater fitness for the distinctive and glorious work to which she is called.

From these feeble and comparatively insignificant beginnings what marvellous issues have sprung! "The little one has become a thousand." "The small one a great nation." "The handful of corn is now shaking its fruit like Lebanon."

It was estimated by the Sunday-school Society of London, in 1786, that within five years after Raikes had opened his first school, 250,000 scholars had been enrolled in the schools then established. Forty years later, in 1827, the American Sunday-school Union estimated that the aggregate number of scholars enrolled in the Sunday-schools of the different countries was 1,250,000. Now there are probably not less than 10,000,000 scholars and teachers in connection with the Sunday-schools of this Continent alone; while the whole Christian world possibly marshals an army of not less than 17,000,000. In the Protestant schools of the Dominion of Canada, comprising Newfoundland and Labrador, there are

found nearly half a million, including scholars and teachers. Of this number the statistics show that more than half are associated with, and under the care of, the Methodist Church. We gratefully and humbly recognize this cheering and hopeful fact in our history. Well has it been said, "The friends of the Sunday-school enterprise are no longer like scattered warriors in an enemy's country, but like triumphant legions coming up to possess the land of the whole world. No edifice on earth would be sufficient to furnish standing room for the one-hundredth part of the teachers engaged in this work; and if the children of the Sunday-schools of America alone were drawn up in line, the column would reach from Plymouth Rock to the Golden Gate."

As we contemplate the progress of this sovereign agency, well may we rejoice with exceeding joy. "It is the Lord's doing, and marvellous in our eyes." The "Hosanna" cry of the children in the temple has not been hushed—nay, rather, it has broadened and deepened as the centuries have passed, until to-day we hear it, swelling like the flood of great waters, coming up with an ever-intensified power—an anthem of praise from the world's throbbing heart, "Hosanna to the Son of David: Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the highest." To the millennial glory the children are leading us. Israel's glowing prediction is being fulfilled: "Behold, I will lay thy stones with fair colours, and lay thy foundations with sapphires; and I will make thy windows agates, and thy gates of carbuncles, and all thy borders of pleasant stones. And all thy children shall be taught of the Lord, and great shall be the peace of thy children."

Methodism has not only led the van in the organization and establishment of Sunday-schools in both continents, but she has likewise been among the foremost in the progressive movements which have contributed so largely to the effectiveness of this agency. In England there was early set on foot a concerted form of denominational action in behalf of both week-day and Sunday-school education. This crystallised into more definite shape, until finally it resulted in the formation of the "Wesleyan Methodist Sunday-school Union," a thoroughly organized association, having its general connexional secretary and its publishing department for the issuing of books, periodicals, and all such helps as are needful for the proper equipment and efficiency of the schools of Methodism. In 1827 the

Sunday-school Union of the Methodist Episcopal Church was organized in New York. After various changes it assumed, in 1844, its present distinctive and important character and appointed an official Sunday-school editor and corresponding secretary. We quote from McClintock and Strong's Biblical Cyclopædia:

"This movement was in harmony with the original policy of the Church that instituted it, namely, to promote Sunday-school instruction as a branch of regular Church action. For such action, on a large scale, circumstances at this period were highly favourable. The Church had then become extended throughout the whole country, so that it could reach almost any inhabited place by its regular agencies. Its plan, therefore, was to stimulate its ministers and members to universal activity in accordance with its rules adopted in 1784 and 1790." (To this we have previously referred.) "By these agencies it sought everywhere to promote a higher grade of Sunday-school activity and improved methods of instruction. For the production of an extensive and varied Sunday-school literature, provided under official editorship, the Union was able to avail itself of an organized and most effective publishing department owned by the Church, with the best facilities for diffusing its printed matter. Probably no more thorough and efficient system of Church effort in behalf of Sunday-schools was ever organized, inclusive of the system of statistics by which its workings are shown from year to year."

We have in the Methodist Church of our Dominion virtually a "General Sunday-school Union" in the "Sunday-school Board" of the General Conference. On this Board each Annual Conference has its representative. The editor of our Sunday-school periodicals is the secretary. Under the direction of this Board is issued a carefully prepared catalogue of such books as are regarded suitable for the libraries of our schools. From the latest statistics we find that the present circulation of our Sunday-school papers is, in round numbers, 260,000 copies. The aggregate issue is nearly 35,500,000 pages yearly, or 119,000 pages for each of the 308 working-days of the year, and 12,000 for every hour. Well might the indefatigable secretary add, "The moral influence of that amount of directly religious teaching, pouring forth in a ceaseless stream from the press and being diligently taught to the rising generation, is simply incalculable—only the Great Day shall reveal it."

Methodism has occupied no secondary position, likewise, in the establishment of "Institute and Normal Class Work," and in the development of the "Uniform Lesson Series," which has now assumed international proportions and fame. The Rev.

Dr. Kidder, of Drew Theological Seminary, was no doubt the first to suggest the thought of the Institute. In his annual report, in 1847, as the Corresponding Secretary of the Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school Union, he presented very strongly and clearly his views:

"Such meetings for teachers as are found in connection with institutes for secular instruction, if judiciously conducted, can hardly fail to be profitable, and they give occasion to ask why Sunday-school teachers may not have similar means of improvement. Who can tell what an amount of good might be accomplished were some dozen of the most successful and competent labourers in our Sunday-schools to devote a portion of their time annually to training teachers in the best methods of Sunday-school instruction? Could they succeed by such means in elevating the general character of such instruction; could they give a new impetus to one of the greatest benevolent movements of the age; could they, by moving upon the minds of some hundreds of teachers, influence the hearts and characters of thousands of children, would they regret any sacrifices necessary to accomplish such glorious ends?"

These words, inspiring as they were, seemed at the time largely visionary; but they had a higher mission than simply to please the curious or awaken the doubts of the skeptical. Thought was aroused, aspirations were stirred. John H. Vincent, then but a youth, felt the power and caught the fervour of Kidder's appeal. As the years passed, conviction intensified; the vigour of his young and consecrated manhood was turned toward the consummation of this work, and at last he had the satisfaction of seeing assembled in Freeport, Illinois, the first regularly organized Sunday-school Institute, April 17, 1860. It was not long before these institutes multiplied, until in every part of the land, teachers were being regularly trained in the best methods of Sunday-school instruction. Out of these institutes developed the idea of a "National Sunday-school University," which in due time took form in the Sunday-school Assembly, the grand and living ideal of which is the great "Chautauqua" gathering—world-wide in its fame and influence for good.

In 1872 the National Sunday-school Convention met in Indianapolis. There the "Uniform Lesson System," which had been gradually developing for some years, became the special subject of discussion and enquiry. From the report of the Convention, as given by Mr. Baker, we take the following extract found in Mr. Candler's excellent work on "History of Sunday-schools":

"The slightest reference to this system created a perceptible ripple over the body, and when the question came up in the regular order an intensity of feeling was exhibited that is rarely seen in deliberative assemblies; at times it reached the morally sublime. A quiver of eager desire seemed to thrill the whole body. It was known that a strong feeling in favour of the project was abroad in the Sunday-school community, but the feverish anxiety and solemnly-set purpose of such vast numbers, manifesting itself in such intensity, was hardly expected even by the most ardent and sanguine advocates of the system. There was scarcely a corporal's guard of opponents to the measure. When the final vote was taken it was almost unanimous, and the announcement was greeted by the Convention rising to their feet and singing, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

A committee of twelve, representing the various Evangelical Churches, and including two from the Dominion, was appointed to arrange a series of Bible lessons for a term of seven years, covering a general study of the whole Book, and the Convention recommended the adoption, by the Sunday-schools of the Continent, of the series thus planned. In the chair of that committee sat Methodism in the person of Dr. Vincent, thus superintending those councils which were to make the Sunday-schools of Christendom one in the regular study of the Word of God, as from the beginning they had been one in spirit and aim. Canadian Methodism has also been represented on this committee from the beginning, in the person of the Rev. Dr. Potts, Secretary of Education of our Church. What can surpass the sublimity and beauty of the ideal which has thus happily become in our time a glorious international reality; a reality which may be very easily abused, but if wisely guided and prayerfully employed, cannot but be a signal conservator of intellectual and spiritual power—the Sunday-schools of the world each Lord's day turning to the same Book, the same chapter and verse of the Divine Word, resting their thought and study upon the same passage of inspired truth, and repeating in chorus the same hallowed and heaven-sent message of life; now contemplating patriarchal faith and character and reward, and then studying prophetic enquiry and prediction and promise; now singing as with one voice the angel's song, "Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace, good will toward men;" and then bending in reverent adoration by the manger of the infant Jesus, or in lowly contrition and grateful sorrow bowing before the cross of the suffering Son of God. Thus the Sunday-schools of the world appear as so many rays of whitest light converging to a common focus,

and making the heart of universal childhood and youth burn and glow with the Divine heat and radiance of the *one* all-glorious truth. What may we not expect from such concentred and sanctified endeavour? How great the promise which it presents of triumphs still more signal and marvellous, in His name who has given the watchword of the Sunday-school: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

We have thus briefly and imperfectly traced the relation which Methodism has sustained to this grand movement. We gratefully recognize her guiding hand, her supervising and directing mind, her spirit of intelligent devotion and consecrated zeal. We rejoice in the ever-increasing attention given to this vital department of work. Our highest interests are here. Said the late Bishop Janes, "Seven-eighths of the membership of the Methodist Church come out of the Sunday-school." Said the venerable Dr. Tyng, after an experience of fifty years, "My deliberate conviction is that the whole hope of the Christian Church is in the teaching and training of the young." Well, therefore, may we implore a richer baptism of power for yet more earnest and effective effort.

The Church that will do most for the youth is the Church that will wield the mightiest influence for good, win the noblest victories for Christ, and leave the impress of its moulding hand most clearly on the nation's character. The Church that has the warmest heart and kindliest greeting for the children will bear most fully the freshness and joy of a vigorous Christian life. The Church that knows best how to fold and feed the lambs will have the enviable honour of shepherding the fairest flock. May we ever account this our high mission and purpose!

MONTREAL, Que.

HOMAGE.

'TIS not alone the crown that makes the king.
'Tis service done, 'tis duty to his kind.
The lark that soars so high is quick to sing,
But proud to yield subservience to the spring.

And we who serve ourselves whate'er befall—
Ourselves and those we need, and those we love—
Dare we forget, at joy or sorrow's call,
The service due to God, who serves us all?

BETWEEN TWO LOVES.

A TALE OF THE WEST RIDING.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

CHAPTER I.—LOVER OR BROTHER?

Success is the one thing forever good—that success which is the reward of the self-helpful and persevering; and standing in Burley Mill, Jonathan Burley was not inclined to underrate either his own merits or the reward they had brought him. The "clickity-clackity! clickity-clackity!" of the looms, the "whirr-r-r-ing" of the belts and drums, and the "hum-m-m-ing" of the great engine in the regions below, were the noblest of music in his ears. For Burley was proud of his mill, and rather inclined to consider it as the veritable and final cause of sheep and iron. Were there not men on Australian plains, and Tartar steppes, and American prairies, and English hill-sides, whose sole care was the wool which supplied his constantly craving machines?

The dusty daylight was loaded with a thousand subtle odors of oil and wool and dyes; and the sunshine fell upon hundreds of webs, many-coloured and bright-tinted, soft and glossy as silk, beautiful with curious devices and borders and reliefs. It fell also upon hundreds of "hands," some of them ordinary enough, slipshod both as to mind and body; others bright, handsome, alert, and full of intelligence. The best workers, almost without exception, were women—rosy-cheeked Yorkshire girls—or the more intellectual Lancashire "hand," with her wonderful gray eyes, long-fringed, bewitching, and full of feeling. The men had less individuality, and the long blue-checked pinafore and cloth cap, which all alike wore, still further increased their uniformity.

Each worker attended to two looms, and most of them were singing as they watched the shuttles glide swiftly between the webs, and the wefts slowly welding themselves to the warps, and growing into soft merinos and lustrous alpacas. Burley, standing within the door of the long weaving-room, saw everything with a comprehensive eye. He was fond of singing, and he listened with pleasure to the clear, throstle-like warbling of a girl in some solo part, and the stirring chorus lifted by twenty voices around her. It was a favourite hymn of his, and it touched him somewhat; he had no objection to hear its triumphant strains mingling with the clicking of the machinery and the clack of the wayward shuttles; he knew well that men and women who sing at their labour put a good heart into it.

Nature has made many fine fellows in her time, and she meant Jonathan Burley for one of them. He had a grand physique, good mental abilities, and a spiritual nature of quick and lofty sympathies. But when the passion of fortune-making gets hold of a man, it robs, in greater or less degree, all his faculties. So, though the hymn touched some sentiment far nobler than wool, it was wool that was in all his thoughts as his eyes wandered down the long room.

He had his hands in his pockets; but the attitude did not give him that air of indolent unconcern it gives to many men; an observer would have been quite sure that he was only fingering his gold as a stimulus to some calculation of profit and loss. It was strange that the process should have been going on even while he noted each loom, and let the melody of the hymn sink into his consciousness; but it was, and Ben Holden, his chief overseer, when he entered, knew it.

"Burley, thou hed better close wi' Dixon for them yarns afore he lets them go to somebody else."

"He's welcome to let them go to anybody but me, at that figure."

"If thou hed thy wits about thee thou would take 'em."

"Ben, thou doesn't know iverything. It might be wit to take 'em, but it will be wisdom to let 'em alone. It's a varry queer thing thou will meddle i' my affairs;" but even while uttering the half complaint, he put his hand on Ben's shoulder and went out with him. They stood on the stone steps a few minutes talking very earnestly, the overlooker, in his long checked pinafore and cloth cap, making a strong contrast to the master in handsome broadcloth and fine linen. And the subject of their conversation was singular, considering the place and business relations of the two men.

"Burley," said Ben Holden, "thou hesn't been to thy class-meeting in five weeks."

"And I'll not be there to-night, Ben."

"My word! but God hes a deal to do wi' some folks before He can get 'em to do right."

"Why, thou knows I'm a bit bothered about my daughter Eleanor and Anthony Aske. They don't get on as well as might be, and I'm none going to fetch my family troubles to t' class-meeting. Not I."

"Nay, I niver heard tell of it before. It sounds varry like uncommon nonsense. Eleanor's nobbut a child; it's a queer thing if Aske is letting her dispute with him already."

"Ben, thou art a bachelor. Little thou knows of women; and there's no use in telling thee how they do manage men in these days. St. Paul himself would niver hev believed it, niver!"

Then Burley walked away. There had been no profession of friendship, no ceremony at parting, but the whole tone and

attitude of the two men towards each other indicated a sincere affection and perfect confidence. For the inequality between them was more artificial than real. Both had been born in the same small moor-side village, and they had shared together their boyish griefs and joys. Both had begun life in the same mill. Burley had married a rich wife, made money, and became a large mill-owner and a wealthy man. Holden had enough and to spare; and if he had not been as successful in business he had given his spare time to study, and become a favourite local preacher and class-leader. So, if Burley was master in the mill, Holden was in higher things the master's teacher. Each in his capacity spoke plain words to the other, but their mutual attachment was as true and warm as in the days when they had trudged hand in hand to hard work, and shared their scanty meals.

The mention of his daughter's name changed the whole expression of Jonathan's face, and as he climbed the steps to an upper weaving-room it grew dark with anger.

"Let him, if he dares," he muttered; "he'll hev more than a lass to fight with if he does." Then he opened a door, and looked down the rows of ponderous Jacquard looms with their dangling yellow "harness," and their silent, patient weavers. One loom was not working, but at another, not far from it, a very handsome woman was busily engaged. She did not look up as Jonathan entered, but she was aware of his entrance, and her face flushed as he approached her. For a moment he watched the different threads of the "harness" rising and falling as if to a tune; then he said, softly, "Thy brother is away again, Sarah; now what wilt thou do about it?"

"I can't tell, master, till t' time comes, then I'll do my duty, whatever it may be. Hev patience a bit longer wi' him."

"Then it's for thy sake, I can tell thee that." She made a slight negative motion of her head, and bent her face resolutely over the leaves and flowers growing with every motion of the shuttle.

Jonathan then paused at the empty loom. The work in progress was of a beautiful and intricate design, and evidently the labour of a master-hand. He admired it heartily, and catching Sarah's glance watching him, he nodded back to her his approval of it. As he left the room he looked once more at her, and most men would have done the same. Not, perhaps, because of the perfect oval of her face, or of the charm of her large, lustrous gray eyes; but because such a loving, noble soul looked forth from them that one forgot whether the body was there or not.

There was an old tie between Sarah Benson and her master —one which she probably knew nothing of. But Jonathan remembered that he had loved the girl's mother, that he had

carried her dinner-can, and gone with her to chapel, and tended looms next hers, for two happy years. And he knew now that Sarah was very dear to him, though he had never suspected the love until it had become a part of his daily life and dearest hopes.

For when Sarah first entered his mill she was only a child ten years old, and many changes had taken place since. Jonathan, then on the road to fortune, had achieved success, and the only child that his wife left him had been recently married to Anthony Aske, the young squire of Aske Hall, and one of the richest landed proprietors in the county. Her fortune and future were provided for, and Jonathan, yet in the prime of life, a handsome man whose career was assured, hoped now to realize with the woman he loved the domestic happiness which had been his dream thirty years before.

But in all our hopes there is generally some "why" or "if." Sarah did not look at life through the same eyes as Jonathan. She loved with her whole soul a brother, who relied upon her almost as he would have relied upon a mother. And this youth had just those qualities which attach women with passionate strength to their possessor. Handsome, gay, full of beautiful, impossible dreams, quite dependent upon her care and forethought for every daily comfort, she yet loved him all the better for his faults and his weakness.

True, when he chose to work, few workmen could compete with Steve Benson. The loveliest designs grew under his fingers, and he had an equal facility in their execution. But he hated any employment which "chopped his days into hours and minutes," and above all things he hated the confinement and noise and smell of the mill.

The trouble with Steve was one which ruins many a promising life. Nature had made him to live with her, and to do his life's duty in some of her free, open-air workshops; and ignorance and untoward circumstances had tethered him to a Jacquard loom in a noisy mill. Sarah dimly understood something of this mistake; but thirty years ago women were not accustomed to analyze life and its conditions. They took it as it came, and thought it enough to follow their catechism and "do their duty in that state of life into which it hath pleased God to call them."

At six o'clock Sarah had reached the little cottage which she called "home." It consisted only of three rooms, one downstairs and two smaller ones above it; but it was beautifully clean and very well furnished. The flag floor was as white as water and pipe-clay could make it; the steel fender shone and glinted in the pleasant blaze of the fire; there was a home-made hearth-rug, large and thick and many-coloured, before it; and a little round table set with cups and saucers of a

gay pattern; the kettle simmered upon the hob, and Sarah was kneeling before the fire toasting some slices of bread, when the door opened, and a laughing, handsome, dusty fellow entered.

"My word, Sarah! but I am tired and thirsty and hungry. Eh, lass! but I've hed such a jolly tramp of it."

"Wheriver hes thou been, my lad? Burley was rare put out to find thy loom idle."

The last word was broken in two by a kiss, and ere Steve let her face slip from his hands he stroked affectionately the smooth bands of black hair above it.

"Been? Why, I've been all through Elsham woods, and down to t' varry sea-sands; and look 'ee here, my lass!" Then he emptied his pockets on the rug beside her—shells and insects and weeds, and all sorts of curious things.

She could not say a cross word to him—he looked so happy, so perfectly satisfied with the day's doings. He passed over her remark about his loom as if it was a subject not worth speaking about, and began a vivid description of all he had seen and heard. She brought him a basin of water and soap, and a towel, and while spattered and splashed, he was telling her, in interrupted sentences and with broken laughs, all his adventures.

"There is no tea like thine, Sarah, and no toast either, dear lass;" and when he had drained the pot and emptied the plate, she made him more, and still listened, with apparent interest, to his talk, though her thoughts towards the end of the meal were wandering far from Elsham woods and the sea-side. After it was over and the house-place tidied, she went to her room to consult with her own heart. What was to be done with this loving, charming lad, who could neglect his work, and spend a whole day gathering shells and weeds, seemingly quite unconscious that he was doing wrong? She had allowed Steve to pursue his own way so long, that yet she was aware that it contained elements of disaster which at some time would be beyond control.

This night, in spite of her apparent content, a question she had long put aside presented itself peremptorily for answer. "This road" or "that road," which was it to be? She did not distrust her own judgment, and she was a woman who, amid many counsellors, would be very likely to follow her own judgment; yet she wanted some one to advise her to do what she had already determined on.

She put on her best dress and bonnet and went down-stairs.

Steve was sitting in the chimney-corner, serenely smoking a long clay pipe. On the table at his elbow there was a jar of tobacco, his violin, and his specimens. His face beamed with the luxury of anticipated pleasure, yet as soon as he saw that

Sarah was going out he said, "Wait a bit, Sarah; I'm none too tired to walk wi' thee."

"Nay, I won't hev thee, Steve. I'm going by mysen to-night, lad."

His nature was too easy and careless to ask "Where?" He laid down his pipe and took up his violin, and as she went up the street, she heard him playing "The Bonnie House o' Airlie." In some subtle way the strains made an unpleasant impression on her, and she walked rapidly onward, never stopping until she reached a quarter of the town where there were no mills, but many squares and terraces of comfortable houses. She unfastened the gate of one set in a small garden, and went in. The main path was lined with hollyhocks of every colour, and as she lingered to admire them, the front door opened, and an old lady called her.

"Sarah Benson, I saw you coming. Walk in."

"Nay; but I was going round, Mrs. Allison. Is t' preacher in?"

"Yes, he is in. There is nothing wrong, I hope, Sarah?"

"Nay, I hope not. I want to tell him summat, that's all."

"Well, then, he is in his study. Go to him.

It was not quite so easy to tell the preacher her trouble as she had thought it would be. She hesitated so much that he said, "Sarah, you must be candid with me. I can't advise you upon half-lights. What is wrong with Steve?"

"He won't stick to his loom, sir, and he's that fond o' rambling about t' country-side that he might as well hev no home at all, and I'm feared Master Burley will lose patience wi' him and turn him off, and there's no telling then what will be to do."

"Well, Sarah?"

"The master, sir, he likes me, and he has spoken words that I might listen to if I knew what to do about Steve."

"Do you mean me to understand that Jonathan Burley has asked you to marry him?"

"To be sure I mean that. I am a decent lass, sir, and he would say no wrong word to me."

"You would be a very rich woman, Sarah, and could do a deal of good."

"But not to Steve; there is no love between Steve and Burley. If I married Burley, Steve would go, and I know not where to. He would niver have bite, nor sup, nor day's work from him; and Burley would fret none if he thought I was rid o' the charge o' Steve!"

"And you think Steve needs you? Is that it?"

"I'm sure that Steve needs me. There's nobody loves him but me. I keep a home for him to come to when he's tired out; and if I didn't listen to his fiddling, and his tales o' all

he's seen and read, why he'd very soon find public-houses where he and his fiddle would be more than welcome. I'm sure o' that, sir."

"You are very likely right, Sarah. Now, do you love Jonathan Burley?"

"Nay, I think not. I know nothing about love; but it seems to me I hev no heart for any one but Steve."

"Then if you are the good girl I take you to be, Sarah, you will not marry a man you do not love, and you will stand by a brother you do love just as long as he needs your help to keep him out of sin and danger. Steve is not a bad lad; the things he likes are good things if he does not neglect his duty for them. Go home and do the best you can to keep him right."

"Thank you, sir; I will do that for sure, I will."

As she went home, she bought a slice of ham for Steve's supper; and as he ate it, she talked to him of his rambles and his specimens until he was in his very happiest humour. Then she told him how Burley had admired his work, and somehow made him feel that it would not be very hard to go back to it in the morning.

"And, Steve," she added, "suppose thee and me join t' building society, and buy our own cottage. Then thou could hev a bit o' garden and grow all the flowers in it thou likes best. If thou will only stick to thy loom, it will be very easy work, lad, and I'm sure there will be no one as will have a finer garden than thee."

This idea charmed Steve. He declared he would work every day, he would work over-hours for it; and in the glow of this new hope he went to bed. Sarah, also, was full of rest and confidence, and as she went about her common household tasks, Steve heard her beautifully singing,

"O Lord, how happy is the time,
When in Thy love I rest;
When from my weariness I climb,
E'en to Thy tender breast.

"And, anywhere or everywhere,
So that I do Thy will,
And do my life's work heartily,
I shall be happy still."

For, after all, there was in Sarah's heart a sense of disappointment, and a consciousness of resignation to some duty, which she had set before her own interest and pleasure. She had said, truly enough, that Steve was dearest of all to her; and yet, if—if—she would not think of the "ifs" at all; still, no woman, perhaps, ever resigned the prospect of wealth, honour, and a true affection without some lingering looks backward.

CHAPTER II.—THE BEGINNING OF STRIFE.

"Jonathan, dost ta understand what I want thee to do to-night?"

"Thou made it plain enough for an infant-school. Thou wants me to come to the class-meeting, and I tell thee I can't do it."

"Thou hes been as unrestful as a shuttle in t' sheath lately. Whativer is the matter, then?"

"I may tell thee that I hev heard Aske isn't as kind to my daughter as he ought to be, and I'm bound to find out whether he's doing right by her or not."

"Stay at home and t' news will find thee. I niver knew any good come o' melling between a man and his wife. Women take a deal o' training, Jonathan. You can't make a good wife by putting a gold ring on her finger, any more than you can make a good joiner by buying him a box of tools."

"I'd speak about something I understood, if I was thee, Ben Holden. Women are a bit beyond thee."

Jonathan was standing by his harnessed gig as he talked; and as soon as he had given his friend this bit of advice, he drove out of the big gate and took the straight road to his home. There were few rich men in the county who had a more beautiful home. Burley House was no spick-and-span new dwelling, gorgeous with paint and gilding and gay upholstery. It was a fine pile of solid stone, that had been a favourite residence of the Somers family for centuries. It stood in the midst of a wooded park, and before it was a fair, old-fashioned garden, smelling of all the scents of Paradise. When Jonathan bought the place, people expected that he would be proud to continue the old name, and to call himself Burley of Somers Court. But he had rather resented the expectation. "It is not Somers Court now," he said; "it belongs to me, and it is Burley House for the future. The Somers have been wasters, and drinkers and dicers, and I won't call my house after their name. Why should I?"

He drove rapidly until he entered the park; then he walked the horse under the great elms, and let his thoughts wander back to the village—back to the beautiful woman who had become so dear to his heart. The brooding darkness on his brow cleared as he remembered the light and peace of Sarah's face; and when he lifted his eyes to his many-windowed, stately home, he thought of her as its mistress, and felt that his life without the hope would be a very sombre one indeed.

As he entered the door his daughter came slowly forward to meet him. She was an exceedingly lovely woman, tall, radiantly fair, exquisitely formed, and with a swaying, easy grace in all her movements that was very attractive. She had on a long, flowing dress of violet satin, and many ornaments of

gleaming gold. As she walked slowly down the dim hall the amber light of its stained windows falling all over her, she made a picture so fair that Jonathan paused to look at her. His heart was swelling with affection and pride as he took her hands and stooped forward to kiss her lifted face.

But he saw trouble in it, even with his first glance; and as soon as they were in the closed parlour she began to complain of her husband's indifference and tyranny. "You are father and mother both," she sobbed, with her arms around his neck; and what father under such circumstances would not have been inclined to espouse his child's quarrel? Yet he knew something of Eleanor's temper, and he knew the world well enough to counsel submission and to discourage any positive act of rebellion.

"I am thy father, Eleanor," he said, tenderly—"I am thy father, and I'll take thy part as far as iver I can, my dear; but listen to me: the world will go with thy husband—right or wrong, it will go with him—if thou takes one step it thinks thou ought not to take. It is a varry hard world on wives, sometimes. Doesn't ta think that thou may hev been a bit wrong, too?"

"Father, I am not going to be ordered about as if I was a slave, bought with his money—"

"Nay, nay, my lass. He got fifty thousand pounds with thee. If it comes to money we can put down more brass than he can—ay, than he can. But thou art his wife, Eleanor, and thou must try and get thy happiness out of him. And thou won't get happiness out of Anthony Aske by fighting him. If iver thou means to be a woman, thy first and hardest battles must be with thyself."

"I thought he loved me better than everything. He said so often; and now love seems to be quite forgotten."

"He loves thee, I am sure of that; but men hev many a thing to think of. Don't thee set too much store on love, or expect more happiness from it than iver it gives either to men or women."

"He has such a wilful, do-as-I-tell-you temper, father; and you know I have not been used to call any man lord or master."

"Sarah called Abraham lord."

"Sarah had a great many faults, and that was one of the worst of them. I am not going to imitate Sarah. Besides, Sarah would not think of doing such a thing if she lived in England in the nineteenth century."

"Well, well, Eleanor it's a wife's place to submit a bit. A high temper in a woman doesn't do varry much harm if she's an old maid; but if she hes a husband it's a different thing. Go home and do thy duty, and—"

"I always do my duty, father."

"Then do more than thy duty. It's a poor wife that stops

at duty, and measures her life by that rule. Give love and patience and something higher still—self-forgetfulness. Anthony Aske isn't a bad sort, but he'll pay thee in thy own coin; most men do that. Nay, nay, my dear lass, don't thee cry now!"

For Eleanor had hid her face in the satin cushion of the sofa on which she sat, and was weeping bitterly, and Jonathan's heart was hot and angry within him, as he moodily paced up and down the splendid room. He longed to comfort his child —to comfort her whether she deserved comfort or not; and he felt as if there would be a solid gratification in some unequivocal abuse of Anthony Aske. For it was hardly likely that Eleanor was altogether in the wrong; and she was so young, so beautiful and inexperienced that the father thought, naturally, allowances of many kinds ought to be readily made for her.

Upon the whole it was a very sorrowful conference, and Jonathan's heart ached when he folded the rich carriage robes about his unhappy, angry daughter, and watched her drive away through the evening shadows to her own home. He sat thinking and smoking until very late, full of uncertainty and annoyance. He felt as if Squire Aske had deceived him, and that was a wrong hard to forgive. As a lover he had been so attentive and affectionate. No service had then appeared too great. He had been at Eleanor's side constantly, and ever on the alert to gratify her slightest wish. All who knew the young couple had regarded the marriage as particularly suitable, full of the promise of happiness.

But Aske was an English squire of the old order, and he held in the main their ideas about women. They were to be faithful and obedient wives, careful, busy mistresses, and loving mothers of children. Eleanor's efforts to establish an autocracy of her own at Aske Hall, to rule it as she had done her father's house, to fill it with company of her own selecting, and order its life according to her social tastes and ideas, were resisted by Anthony from the beginning.

At first his opposition was pleasantly expressed. "She might queen it over him, but he would be her deputy over the household; and as for filling the hall with company, he was jealous of her society, and would not share it with a crowd of foolish men and women. In such flattering words he veiled his authority, for he was deeply in love with his beautiful bride, although he would not surrender to her the smallest of his privileges as her husband and as master of Aske Manor and Hall. Indeed, even in the first days of their married life many things had shared his heart with her—his estate, his horses and dogs, and hunting affairs, county matters and politics.

And Eleanor, undisciplined and inexperienced, could not accept this divided homage. Her father had always given in

to her desires and humoured all her wishes. Her teachers had found it profitable never to contradict her. Her servants had obeyed her implicitly. Her beauty, youth, and wealth had made her for a time a kind of social queen. Was she to sink into the mistress of Aske Hall, and the wife of Squire Anthony? Surely she ought to rule, at least, the little world around it, just as she had ruled the little world of which Burley House was the centre.

But the main circumstances of the two small worlds were widely different. Jonathan Burley was an autocrat in his mill, and that power satisfied his ambition. He was very willing to resign all domestic power to the women who had charge of his home. On the contrary, Aske had no such outlet. His fine hall, his staff of servants, his farmers and tenants, were his business in life. He would not resign any of his authority over them. Eleanor soon found that if her orders agreed with the squire's they were attended to; if not, her husband set them absolutely aside.

She tried anger, sulking, tears; but if her way was not her husband's way, she never succeeded in getting it. Squire Anthony was not a man who would give it to an unreasonable woman; and whenever Eleanor's desires did not agree with his desires, he considered her unreasonable. In half a year a definite point had been reached. The squire announced his intentions; if his wife approved them he was glad; if not, he followed them out, quite regardless of any opposition she might offer.

Here was a domestic element full of unhappiness, possibly full of tragedy. Jonathan sat through the long night hours, wakeful, anxious, and sorrowful. He was glad when morning came, and brought with it the open mill, and the mails, and the buyers and sellers. Yet in the fever and turmoil of business he was conscious of an aching, fretful pain, that would assert itself above all considerations about "yarns" and "pieces." His daughter's face haunted his memory. He was angry at Aske, and yet he did not wish to quarrel with him. He had a conviction that it would be like the letting out of water—nobody could tell how far it would go, or in what way it would end.

Early in the afternoon, when business had slacked a little, Burley was standing at the dusty window in his counting-room, looking into the mill-yard. The yard was full of big lorries, which giants in fustian and corduroy were busily loading. Usually, under such circumstances, he would have been mentally checking off the goods and commenting upon them; but at that hour, though his eye followed every bale or box, he was not thinking of their contents. But as Ben Holden entered the room, he turned slowly, and said, "Sagar is a

brute to his beasts, Ben; I'll not hev good cattle sworn at and struck for nothing in my yard; thou tell him I said so."

"Ay, I will. He's a big bully. If t' poor brutes could talk back to him, he'd treat 'em better. He's got a mite of a woman for a wife; but, my word! he daren't open his lips to her."

"Howiver does she manage him? I'd like to know."

"Why, thou sees, she's got some brains; and Sagar, he's only so many pounds avoirdupois of flesh and blood. It's mind ruling matter, that's all. Thou doesn't look like thysen to-day. Is there anything wrong with thee?"

"There is summat varry wrong; I can tell thee that."

"Is it owt I can help thee in?"

"Thou hes helped me through many a trouble Ben; but this one is a bit above thy help. It is about my daughter. She and Aske hev got to plain up-and-down quarrelling; and she came with her sorrow to me last night. My poor lass! She has no mother, thou sees, and, as she said, I hev to be father and mother both."

"What was it about then?"

"Well, thou sees, he told her he was going to meet the Towton hounds, and he said to her, 'Put on your habit and hev a gallop; it will do you good.' Now, Eleanor wanted to go, but, woman-like, she would not admit it; she looked to be coaxed a bit, happen, but he answered, 'Varry well, she could do as she liked; he would go for his cousin Jane.' Then t' poor lass cried a bit, and he whistled, and when she got varry bad and hysterical with it all, he sent a footman for t' doctor, and so left her by hersen, and went off to t' meet, as if nothing was."

"I think he did just right, Jonathan."

"Then thou knows nowt about it. A man that hes so little human nature in him as to bide a bachelor for more than forty years, like thou hes, isn't able to say a sensible word about womenfolk and their feelings—not he! There's plenty husbands, Ben, who always say the right thing, and always do the right thing, and, for all that, they are worse to live with than Bluebeards. I can tell thee that."

"St. Paul says—"

"Don't thee quote St. Paul to me about women; and, for that matter, Paul had sense enough when writing about them to say he spoke 'by permission, and not of commandment.' If Jesus Christ hed to suffer with us before He could feel with us, it's a varry unlikely thing that St. Paul could advise about women on instinct. Nineteen hundred years hes made a deal o' difference in women and wives, Ben."

"It's like it hes."

"I hev a mind to go and see Aske. I'm all in t' dark, like, and I'm feared to speak or move for fear I make bad worse."

"I'll tell thee what to do. Take wit with thy anger, and go thy ways to Aske Hall. Use thine own eyes and ears, and then thou wilt put t' saddle on t' right horse, I don't doubt. Aske's wool is a varry fine length, and we could do with all he hes of it. Tetterly got ahead of us last year, so go and speak to Aske for his next shearing, and when thou art on the ground thou can judge for thysen."

"Ay, that will be a good plan; I'll do it." Then, as he hurriedly turned over his letters, "It's a great pity, I think, that I didn't marry again before this time o' day. If I hed a wife now, Eleanor could tell her all her troubles, and she'd give her advice a man niver thinks about."

"But, then, t' wife thou is after, Jonathan, is varry little older than thy daughter; but she's a good lass. It's Sarah Benson, isn't it?"

"Ay, it's Sarah. Dost thou think she'll hev me, Ben?"

"I niver asked her. Ask her thysen. I'm nobbut a bachelor ta knows, and therefore varry ignorant about such inscrutable creatures as women. But nobody could be the worse o' Sarah Benson, and they happen might be the better. Only I'll tell thee one thing: Aske and his wife will be as mad as iver was if thou does a thing like that. Thou art a mill-owner now, and a land-owner, too, and Sarah, poor lass, is nobbut a 'hand.'"

"I was a 'hand' mysen once, Ben; and ta knows I loved her mother before Sarah was born."

"Varry good; but Squire Aske and Mistress Aske were niver 'hands;' and they know nowt at all about Sarah Benson or her mother. And thou may make up thy mind to one thing—that is, that Sarah Benson isn't the right kind of peace-maker in any quarrel o' Squire Anthony Aske's."

Jonathan took up his letters again with a vexed face. We are not always pleased with the people who give us a sensible advice; and Ben knew well that he had said words bitter as gall to the taste, however they might be by-and-by. Very soon afterwards, however, he saw Burley standing in the mill-yard, while the hostler was getting his gig ready.

"He'll be for Aske Hall," thought Ben, and he went down to the gate and stood there. Six feet two, in a long blue-checked pinafore and a cloth cap, might not strike people as a figure likely to command respect; but everything is in the circumstances and the surroundings, and Ben, among thousands similarly clad, was a very fine type of a man used to authority. Even Burley was conscious of his moral power, and although he was privately in a very bad temper, he said, "Ben, I'm going to Aske Hall; do what thou thinks best about Shillingsworth's offer."

"Ay, I'll do that for sure. Good-afternoon to thee."

CHURCH DIVISIONS AND CHURCH UNION.

BY REV. WILLIAM WYE SMITH.

At a little meeting of ministers the other day, a very great question was up for discussion—"The Union of the Churches." Like the shepherd boy who fell in love with a princess, and died of a hopeless passion, and who had therefore something noble about him—"his love was nobly born and died"—so perhaps the theme ennobled an otherwise insignificant meeting.

The train of thought at that ministers' meeting has since suggested to me the special opportunities that have been lost, by nations and by churches, to rise higher and go further; and which omissions have been the cause of so much of the difficulties we now encounter at the very outset of our deliberations about union. Finding out where and how the evil began, will not cure it; but assuredly it is in the direction of a cure. For one thing, such a review and recognition will deepen the conviction of the real existence of the evil; and sometimes a reverse process is possible, in order to a reverse result.

What an opportunity England had in the days of Wycliffe, to have her Church, her State, and her social life remodelled; but cast the opportunity away! For Wycliffe was a social and political Reformer before he was a Translator; though it is in the latter aspect only that we generally look upon him. England, under his inspiration and leadership, might have been the leading nation of the century, and diffused light to every portion of the world—might have been in the fifteenth century what she has become in the nineteenth.

The same in Italy, under the influence of Savonarola: reform, progress, light, truth, refinement, were all in his train; but bigotry and selfishness consigned the Reformer to the fire, and his influence to execration. Bohemia, too, had heard of Wycliffe; and Huss would do for his own land what Wycliffe had tried to do for his. Once more the fire and faggot; and to-day Bohemia is the most backward and intolerant of European countries.

The Pope and the hierarchy of Rome might have "comprehended" Luther and his doctrines, and welcomed the Reformation that brought out 'salvation by faith," instead of salvation by indulgences. Nor would Luther probably ever have said much against the presiding Bishop who was styled

"Christ's Vicar on earth," if the vicar had shown an eminent and anxious copying of the Master in heaven. But the "Church" cast him out; and he could but form a body outside the "Church," for Christian men must find a spiritual home somewhere! Instead of a universal Church, reformed and purified of its abuses, Rome became more intolerant and corrupt than ever.

There was no need of the Puritans being outside the Church of England, and a community by themselves: that was not their wish. They might have been retained in the Church, to purify and benefit it. But the conditions were made purposely hard, in order that they should not and could not accept them. And so, once more, there was a separate body formed! And the same Church made the same mistake, and was guilty of the same wrong, with the Methodists. What a splendid body of lay-preachers Wesley organized! What a blessing to the Church of England, in all her best interests, to have so much zeal, and work, and spiritual warmth, and aggressive effort, all offered to her, and by her own children! But she cast them out! and now vainly regrets the infatuation.

Nor, in the first half of the last century, was the Kirk of Scotland any wiser, in relation to the "Marrow-men." When the two Erskines, Boston, and a few others, led by the study of "The Marrow of Modern Divinity" to take a deeper, more spiritual view of the doctrines of grace, would have spiritualized the dead body of Moderatism, they were put under discipline, and then under censure; and must either cease preaching altogether or do their preaching outside the "Kirk." That very body, by them then originally formed, was, a hundred years later, guilty of the same wrong. When James Morison preached that Christ died for every man, woman and child, that ever has been, is, or will be, in the world; and would not retract, unless it could be shown to his satisfaction from the Scriptures that he was wrong, he was cast out. Yet probably the vast majority of the ministers of the United Presbyterian Church, to-day, preach that very same doctrine!

When, a year or two afterwards, the Rev. Dr. Wardlaw plied the suspected students of his little Theological Hall with a deep and "kittle" question about the influences of the Holy Ghost in conviction and conversion, and nine of them failed to satisfy him and one or two others composing the Faculty, and the young men were virtually expelled the College, the

Congregationalists of Scotland missed the opportunity of being stirred up and spiritualized, and have suffered for it ever since. The separated brethren joined Morison and Kirk; what else could they do? And much as the "Evangelical Union" men have done, they could have done infinitely more if they could have wrought side by side and hand in hand with the other Independent brethren.

The latest example, on a large scale, of building up a sect, is furnished by the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States. I fail to see that the reforms, and liberal front toward other Churches and Christians, which the Assistant Bishop of Kentucky pleaded for—and which have been embodied in the constitution of the Reformed Episcopal Church—could have hurt the "Church" in any of its real and spiritual interests. But they would have none of them; and so secession alone remained.

Now, we see how many of these divisions have come about; and we see what would have prevented them. We can at least do what they should have done who were responsible for so rending the garment of Christ. Wherever in our family, in our local Church, or in our denomination, any are restless because they think some things ought to be done, set them to work! The best antidote to "destructive criticism" in Christian life, or Church affairs, is to make the critics *actors*, and subjects therefore of others' criticism! By so doing we can often prevent further disintegration.

As to healing the breaches already existing—do, as far as possible, what should have been done, (in some cases, generations and ages ago!) and don't let the subject end in a few cheap regrets. The Church of England regrets she did not make the local preachers to be catechists, and give parishes to the leading Methodist ministers—then let her show her sincerity by opening her pulpits now, from time to time, to the occasional ministrations of such ministers. The United Presbyterian Church sees the mistake made in 1842, in casting out James Morison, and has passed six resolutions, explanatory of the Confession of Faith—in which resolutions "black is shown to be white"—but she never does away with nor amends the Confession itself, obsolete as it is. The Regular Baptist still remembers the mistake and wrong of the Massachusetts Puritans, in casting out Roger Williams, instead of giving him plenty of work to do; but to this day himself refuses to take the memorial bread from the hands of any who are not dis-

ciples of Roger Williams. We must ourselves adopt and exhibit the very same spirit which we can plainly see was the duty of our forefathers. In this respect a study of old times becomes a blessing to us. And let us remember, the world is just as the men and women in it act; and men and women act just as they think. We must then begin to think right, then act right; and meanwhile get as many as we can to think and act with us!

NOBODY KNOWS.

"The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him."—Psalm xxv. 14.

ELLEN A. LUTZ.

I HAVE no house, I have no lands,
No weapon but my feeble hands,
To fight the wolf of want away,
That stares at me in morning grey:
And how I find each day's supply,
Nobody knows but the Lord and I.

I know no lack; with daily bread
Body and soul are richly fed;
Enough for me, and sometimes more
To help another from my store:
But where my seeds of manna lie,
Nobody knows but the Lord and I.

Down the long valley as I go,
My strength is small, my step is slow,
And I had fainted on the way,
Except I had a guide and stay:
But whose the arm, so strong, so nigh,
Nobody knows but the Lord and I.

O wondrous love! O strength Divine!
O promises, so surely mine,
That all my wants shall be supplied;
That He will ever guard and guide!
How sweetly in His arms I lie,
Nobody knows but the Lord and I.

Above the conflict and the strife
That rounds the measure of our life,
There is a sweet, a glad refrain,
An echo from far Bethlehem's plain:
The part I have in that anthem high,
Nobody knows but the Lord and I.

MOUNT PLEASANT, Mich.

The Higher Life.

WITHOUT SPOT.

I WOULD be pure, like some clear brook,
  Upon whose crystal brink
The wood-birds stand and bow themselves
  To shadows, ere they drink ;
So would my heart transparent be,
Showing clear depths, O Lord, to Thee.

I would be pure, like some sweet flower
  That holds its gem of dew
In stainless cup, to be exhaled
  By sunbeams ever true :
So would my heart its incense bring
In chalice pure to heaven's King.

I would be pure, like some white cloud
  Floating in ether blue,
Showing upon its amber crest
  Heaven's light to mortal view ;
So would I have my spirit be
A mirror of God's love to me.

I would be pure, like drifted snow
  Upon some mountain's breast ;
Sinless, like daisies fair that bloom
  Where pale dead children rest,
O Jesus ! wash me in Thy blood,
That I at last may see my God.

SANCTIFICATION.

That the doctrine of sanctification is expressly taught in the New Testament, none, we presume, will deny ; but that many professing Christians have very confused ideas upon the subject, is equally true. Indeed, some are so prejudiced against the doctrine, that the mere mention of it is offensive to them, and its advocates are looked upon as well-meaning but deluded enthusiasts. Even these persons, however, must admit that there is a state of grace attainable in this life, that is spoken of in the New Testament as a sanctified state, and to which it is the duty and privilege of Christians to attain. But the question presents itself, What are we to understand by this state ?

In what does it consist? The following extract from Dr. Dunn's new book, "Sermons on the Higher Life," may be helpful in answering this question. He says:

The word "sanctified" has two meanings: first, to separate, consecrate or devote any purpose or person; second, to hallow, or make holy. In the first definition it refers to the work which man, aided by the divine Spirit, is required to perform, whether in consecrating his person or his property to God. In its second definition it refers only to the work of God by His Spirit in the soul. God requires that every one should thus devote himself to His service. This is done cheerfully, without any limitation or mental reservation. There are many who often go as far as this: with the utmost punctiliousness, and sometimes with a legalistic spirit, they go over the inventory of their little all. Sometimes, even, it is written out fully, and signed; and yet this brings no relief, no peace or joy to the soul. All this for two reasons: first, they do this not as a means, but as an end; and secondly, they do not believe that God will now accept the offering which they make, and sanctify them wholly. So we see that however important consecration may be, and is, it is not sanctification—it is only a condition of sanctification.

To be sanctified, according to Mr. Wesley, is to be fully saved from pride, self-will, anger and unbelief. It is loving the Lord with all the heart. It is to be saved from the root of the sin, and to be restored to the image of God. Mr. Watson says: "It is that work of God's grace whereby we are renewed after the image of God, set apart for His service, and enabled to die unto sin and to live unto righteousness." Our catechism says: "Sanctification is that act of divine grace whereby we are made holy." Dr. Hodge says: "It is the removing more and more of the principles of evil, still infesting our nature, and destroying their power; and the growth of the principle of spiritual life until it controls the thoughts, feelings and actions, and brings the soul into conformity to the image of God." These definitions cover the whole ground, both from the Wesleyan and Calvinistic standpoint.

We see, then, that this is something more than the act of the person by which he devotes himself to God; and that in its deeper, fuller significance, it includes the mighty operation of Divine grace in making the self-devoted person holy. When one consecrates himself to God, he is to do it that he may be in

a condition to believe, and receive the cleansing blood and the sanctifying Spirit. This act of faith is essential. If it is not exercised, all up to this point may be in vain; and the person, however honest he may have been in his consecration, will likely return to his former life and his crooked paths. There is usually some final test to which the soul is brought before this act of faith is exercised. It may be something about our apparel, or our habits, or our business, or our social or domestic life. It may be our selfishness, our covetousness, our pride, our reputation, or our companionships. Or it may be some cross which we have hesitated to take up, to testify of Christ, to preach His Gospel, or to go as a missionary to foreign lands. Or it may be that we shall be called upon to make reparation for some injury done to another, or restitution for some wrong in business life. Whatever God in His Word, or by His Spirit, makes clear to us that we must give up, must bear, or do, we are to yield to the Divine requirement cheerfully and readily; or sometimes it will be done after a long-continued struggle.

But when this point is yielded, faith will spring up in the soul; and the hallowing presence and power of the blood of the Lamb and of the Eternal Spirit will be consciously realized and enjoyed.

So far Dr. Dunn. It appears, then, that in one sense, by the assistance of Divine grace, we sanctify ourselves, that is, we fully consecrate ourselves to God; and in the other and fuller sense, God sanctifies us by His Spirit, creates within us a clean heart, and renews within us a right spirit. Surely it is our duty to present ourselves a "living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God"; and having done this, who can question the power of the Divine Spirit "to sanctify us wholly, and preserve us blameless to the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ"?—*The Observer.*

The Reasonableness of Prayer.

A naturalist should be the last man in the world to object to the efficacy of prayer, since prayer itself is one of the most potent of natural forces. The cry of the young raven brings its food from afar without any exertion on its part, for that cry has power to move the emotion and the muscles of the parent bird, and to overcome her own selfish appetite. The bleat of the lamb not only brings its dam to its side, but causes the secretion of milk in her udder. The cry of distress nerves men

to all exertions, and to brave all dangers, and to struggle against all or any of the laws of nature that may be causing suffering or death. Nor in the case of prayer are the objects attained at all mechanically commensurate with the activities set in motion. We have all seen how the prayer of a few captives, wrongfully held in durance by some barbarous potentate, may move mighty nations, and cause them to pour out millions of their treasure, to send men and material of war over land and sea, to sacrifice hundreds of lives, in order that a just and proper prayer may be answered. In such a case we see how the higher law overrides the lower, and may cause even frightful suffering and loss of life, in order that a moral or spiritual end may be gained. Are we to suppose, then, that the only Being in the universe who cannot answer prayer is that One who alone has all power at his command? The weak theology which professes to believe that prayer has merely a subjective benefit, is infinitely less scientific than the action of the child who confidently appeals to a Father in heaven.—*Principal Dawson.*

Sayings of Rev. Sam P. Jones.

We pray to God; we go on our knees to Him and have made Him promises and have told Him lies until He don't believe a word we say. Is it a fact that we are daily dallying with God?

I never saw a card-playing Christian that amounted to anything in the Church; you fellows that play cards and belong to the Church, look around you and see how much you amount to in the moral vineyard.

I believe in real, practical, everyday religion, and wouldn't give the snap of my finger for any other kind. A religion that makes you live right, act right, talk right, pay your debts and obey God's commands.

I never saw a revival but a great many crippled and lame ones came in. They can never get to heaven alone. Do you know that? One of you stand under one shoulder and another under the other shoulder of these poor cripples, and help them along to glory. Be their crutches, and when they get to heaven you will be there too. The noblest attitude of a Christian is to be a prop to some helpless one. The only way to keep from backsliding ourselves is to work to keep others from backsliding.

Superficial religion will always be fashionable because it does not require self-denial. A man may be outwardly religious, and yet be a private tippler, but he cannot be a true Christian at that rate.—*Spurgeon.*

Current Topics and Events.

University Federation Debate.

The debate in the Legislature on University Federation was, we think, a surprise to every one interested—not on account of opposition to the measure, but on account of the almost total absence of such opposition. Supporters and opponents of the general policy of the Government combined in support of this great educational measure. Mr. Meredith, the leader of the Opposition, showed himself capable of taking a large-minded and statesmanlike view of the question, and rose above the narrowness of political partizanship in declaring that the principle of the bill had his warm and cordial support. The address of the Minister of Education was a very masterly one It demonstrated that just such a federation as was proposed was a fitting apex to the broad-based pyramid of the educational system of the country.

If the financial part of the scheme providing for the endowment of the University professoriate command as general approval as the creation of such professoriate—and from its equitable nature we believe it will—then the success of the movement will be assured. The Province of Ontario will have a university worthy of the resources of the country and the intelligence of its people; and, with our unrivalled Public and High School system, will be able to furnish as good educational opportunities to its sons as any country in the world. Our national university will soon be able to compare not unfavourably with those distinguished foreign institutions which reflect lustre and glory on the states or nations by which they are maintained.

It is no small honour to our Canadian Methodism, that it alone of all the Churches of the country has had the courage and magnanimity and patriotism to rise above denominational prejudice to the height of the opportunity of creating a comprehensive and truly national system of higher education, from which the happiest results to our Church and to the State may be anticipated. Let our people generally, and the old, tried, and true friends of Victoria University in particular, whether previously opposed to federation or not, now resolve that as a Church we will nobly and resolutely do our part to give to this great movement the largest possible efficiency, and our educational future shall be one of grandest success.

Conference and District Sunday-school Associations.

Among the resolutions of the late General Conference, for the extension and strengthening of our Sunday-school work, was the following:

"That with the view of assisting and developing weak Sunday-schools in the country and outlying parts of the several Conferences, the General Conference make provision for an organization in each Conference, to be called the Conference Sunday-school Association, to be composed of one minister and one layman from each District, with its headquarters at such places as the Annual Conference may determine, with branches situated in different parts of the Conference, and co-operating as far as possible with local associations; the central associations and local branches to elect their own officers

"The objects of the Association shall be the planting of new schools where none are existing, the invigorating of weak schools in outlying neighbourhoods, and the improvement of methods of Sunday-school instruction by the wider circulation of our Sunday-school literature, the holding of Sunday-school Institutes, and the employment of voluntary lay agency from among our most efficient Sunday-school workers."

By a resolution of the General Conference this item was recommended

to the Annual Conferences for their adoption.

We hope that at the approaching District Meetings and Conferences this subject will receive full consideration, and that the recommendations of the General Conference will be carried into effect. There are great possibilities of good in the suggested Associations. They would become centres of influence and power, which would carry life and energy into the weaker and more dependent parts of our work. The leading Associations would probably be situated in the larger towns and cities of the respective Conferences —as London, Hamilton, Guelph, Toronto, Belleville, Montreal, St. John, Halifax, etc.—where there are already thoroughly organized Sunday-schools and efficient bands of workers. Such an organization as suggested would enable them to do Sunday-school missionary work among less favourably situated neighbourhoods — planting schools in the outskirts of the cities and in their neglected parts and adjoining villages, and encouraging and helping schools that need help. The visit of a deputation of "live" Sunday-school workers to a weak or inefficient school, the holding of a teachers' institute and exhibition of improved methods of Sunday-school work, would do an incalculable amount of good. We understand that the Montreal Sunday-school Association has already rendered very valuable services of this sort. There is an ample field for such in the French villages in the vicinity of Montreal, for example, where Methodism, and Protestantism as a whole, labour under great difficulties, and would derive great benefit from such help as the General Conference resolutions suggest.

In every city, in every town throughout the country, such work might be undertaken much more fully, systematically and efficiently than has yet been attempted. Each Conference might be covered with a network of these Associations, each stimulating and helping the others, and the strong especially helping and encouraging the weak. Well-to-do schools, for instance, might, when replenishing their library shelves, distribute those books that they can spare to schools needing them. Much has been done in this way through the Sunday-school Aid and Extension Fund. The present writer has had the pleasure of distributing gratuitously over 20,000 volumes to poor schools. But much more might be accomplished if the thing were systematically undertaken.

We venture to express the hope that the May District Meetings will take the matter up with vigour, and each form its own local Sunday-school Association where none now exists; and also appoint two of its most energetic Sunday-school workers—a minister and layman—as members of the more general Associations to be organized at the approaching Conferences. Under this plan each circuit, or each town where there is more than one school, should have its local Association for mutual help and counsel. A new *esprit de corps* and new energy, as a result, would animate our whole Sunday-school work; and in many places where there are now no schools they would be planted and fostered and sustained.

During the last Conference year there was an increase throughout the Connexion of 142 schools, 1,349 officers and teachers, and 10,785 scholars. But that rate of progress might be greatly increased. Our Church has already more Sunday-schools, more teachers and more scholars than all the other Protestant Churches in the Dominion taken together. But we conceive that its duty to the young people committed to its care is not accomplished while there is a single Methodist preaching appointment where there is not also an efficient Methodist Sunday-school. For the founding of schools in every place where none now exists, and for the helping of needy schools where they do exist, liberal assistance in books, papers and Sunday-school equipment will be given from the Sunday-school Aid and Exten-

sion Fund, on application through the undersigned. Forms of application forwarded on request.

W. H. WITHROW,
Secretary of Sunday-School Board.

A SUMMER TOUR IN EUROPE.

Many persons would make a tour through the historic lands of Europe if they knew the best route to take, and could compute the exact cost, and were assured of pleasant companionship, and relieved of the worries of bargaining in an unfamiliar language with extortionate hotel proprietors and cab-men. The Editor of this MAGAZINE, in response to numerous requests, has arranged to meet just these conditions. He will undertake to personally conduct a party of not less than twenty persons through the most picturesque and interesting route of Great Britain, Holland, Belgium, up the Rhine, Germany, Switzerland and France, including twelve days stay in London, and six in Paris. The trip will occupy eleven weeks, and the entire cost, except laundry and ship-steward's gratuity (which is optional), will be $450. Carriage drives will be provided in London, Paris, Brussels, Heidelberg, and over the Brunig and Tête Noir Passes in Switzerland, and from Chamouny to Geneva. All travel will be strictly first-class by steamship and railway, and the party will stop at only first-class hotels. For particulars address Rev. Dr. Withrow, Methodist Publishing House, Toronto.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

Ninety-eight and one-half per cent. of the whole population of Fiji attend Wesleyan worship. On the island of Ngan—population 2,000—700 are pledged to teetotalism, 400 of whom abstain from tobacco also. The missionary contributions of Fiji last year were more than $20,000; and yet the Rev. James Calvert, the man who surprised them at their cannibal feast by the story of the cross, is living still, hale and hearty, with boundless faith in the power of the Gospel to save the world.

A new Wesleyan mission has been started in Burmah. The Baptist Church has long had a flourishing mission in that country, but the field is so immense that the missionaries who have long held possession are not in the least jealous of their Methodist brethren. One of the veterans said: "Praise God, let them come. There is work enough and room enough. I wish there were 100 of them coming." Mandalay, the seat of the Government of the deposed King Theebaw, is the headquarters of the new mission.

The Rev. Thomas Champness has fixed his headquarters at Rochdale. He has taken a commodious house, where he trains his workers, dispatches his *Gospel News* and other revival literature, and holds daily intercourse with those agents who are labouring in various places. His work is much like that of our own dear brother, the Rev. David Savage, only it is on a much larger scale.

It is a matter of surprise that there are so many villages in England without Methodist services of any kind. In Exeter District there are eighty large villages unoccupied by any form of Nonconformity. The people are reported to be "nearly heathen." In the same district there are 327 villages with an aggregate

population of 162,000 souls, not one of which is on any circuit plan.

In Sheffield District, it appears that since 1866 forty-eight villages have been missioned, and the membership has increased 2,379; there has also been an increase of 240 local preachers, 1,228 Sunday-school scholars. The trust property has increased to $470,000, and the congregations number more than 20,000 people, who contributed last year to Church purposes more than $40,000.

The mission in East End London is proving successful. In one year over 700 men and women have been converted.

A new Centenary Hall is shortly to be erected on the Thames Embankment. The Mission-house in Bishopsgate-within is advertised for sale.

The foundation-stone of "the Punshon Memorial" Church, at Colwyn Bay, was announced to be laid on Easter Monday.

English journals are full of letters respecting Methodist re-union. Some do not favour it, but the Revs. W. Arthur, E. E. Jenkins, A. M'Aulay, C. Garrett, all ex-Presidents, H. P. Hughes and many others are strongly in favour of the movement. Several ministers in the New Connexion body favour it, though some are strongly opposed. Rev. H. P. Hughes says: "There are heavy stones to be removed, but God has angels of love who know how to take them quite away."

Methodist Episcopal Church.

The mission-field in India has now been divided into three Annual Conferences. Bishop Ninde has been on a visit to India, and his letters are full of missionary intelligence. He attended a grand Sunday-school demonstration at Lucknow, in which there was a procession of 2,078 Hindustani children. One novelty of the procession was that there were seven elephants brought into requisition; on the back of the largest the Bishop and his daughter were seated. The scene was an inspiring one, especially when the dear children sang their beautiful hymns, and at the close all joined in singing "God Save the Queen."

Bishop Taylor's steamer is nearly completed. Ten additional missionaries are about to join him. He is full of hope respecting the future. A recent letter states that he intends to spend three months in founding self-supported missions among the neglected aboriginal tribes on the Liberian Coast. He hopes to employ the missionaries who may go out with his new steamer, 1,000 miles inland.

The brethren of the Theological School of Boston University have formed a mission band somewhat in the order of the Salvation Army. They have chosen the north end of Boston for their field of labour. As they marched through the streets singing, they were assaulted by a mob of Roman Catholics and received some injuries, both to their clothes and their persons, but they still continue their services and are now protected by the police.

The Loan Fund of the Church Extension Society has done a good work. Not less than 100 churches have been aided, and this work will go on indefinitely.

The present membership of the Church is 1,990,337, an increase during the year of 100,069.

Those of our readers who remember the Rev. A. D. Traveller, formerly of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada, will be glad to learn of his success, as Presiding Elder, in Dakota. He gathered a handful of people at Webster and formed them into a Methodist Society. A church, costing $3,000, has been built and paid for, and more than 100 persons have been converted and a pastor has been settled. There have been at least fourteen such enterprises in Bro. Traveller's district within eighteen months. This is real genuine Methodism.

The Methodist Church.

Nothing is more gratifying than to hear of revivals. The columns of the *Christian Guardian* contain many interesting items of this kind. A revival at Windsor, under the

labours of the Rev. Messrs. Crossley and Hunter, excited great interest among the Methodists in Detroit. The Michigan *Christian Advocate* describes it as "one of the most remarkable religious movements in the history of Western Canada." Not a few of the most abandoned characters in the town had been converted. More than a thousand persons are reported to have resolved to become new creatures in Christ Jesus. Messrs. Crossley and Hunter have been invited to labour in Detroit at an early period, and have intimated their intention to do so as soon as their many calls in Ontario will permit.

The Rev. David Savage and the members of his band continue as unremitting in their labours as hitherto. The *Expositor* contains numerous letters detailing the work of those self-denying labourers, who are scattered to and fro in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec. We have recently heard that Brother Savage intends at no distant day to spend some time among the Churches in the Maritime Provinces. Wherever he goes we wish him God-speed.

Recent communications from the North-West give pleasing accounts respecting the progress of the good cause in those distant missions. The Indian chiefs who accompanied the Rev. John McDougall to Ontario last year have held many meetings of their people, detailing to them the wonders which they saw during their tour. They were not a little delighted.

At Morley mission there has been much suffering and some deaths from measles. Some who died witnessed a good confession, confirming the testimony of Wesley, "Our people die well." A short time after Mr. McDougall's return from Ontario, he administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper to between two hundred and three hundred Indians. In the Orphanage some of the children have given evidence that they are the subjects of saving grace. The Orphanage should be enlarged, as it has become too small for its inmates.

At a recent missionary meeting four Indians contributed $125 in furs. The Woman's Missionary Society, which supports the Mc Dougall Orphanage, and schools and missionaries in other fields, deserves well of the Methodist people. It is doing a noble work.

Some of our readers will remember the visit of the Rev. A. E. Green from British Columbia. He secured a number of musical instruments to constitute a band for his people, and in a recent letter he says: "We have had plenty of music the past six weeks. They have learned to play well. For thirty days they had three sessions per day. They can now play several tunes.

The Death Roll.

Among those who have gone to their reward is to be added the name of the Rev. R. B. Lyth. He was one of the early missionaries to Fiji. As he had previously studied medicine, the knowledge which he thus acquired was of great service in that distant land. He witnessed some dreadful scenes while labouring in that land of cruelty; more than once his life was endangered. There is to be seen among missionary relics in the Wesleyan Mission House, London, the calico coat, with its rent skirt, in which he was dressed when a chief, literally drunk with human blood, was about to take his life; also the club with which the deed was attempted. He died in his native city, York, and was borne to the grave by some who had been his comrades-in-arms in the mission field.

Rev. Dr. James R. Eckhard died in Abington, Pa., U. S., at the ripe age of eighty-two. He was formerly a missionary in Ceylon.

Miss Florence Nickerson, a missionary of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society in connection with the Methodist Episcopal Church, in India, died at sea, January 26th. Overwork induced nervous prostration, and in hope of recovery she commenced to return to America.

Book Notices.

The Chief Periods of Roman History, with an Essay on Greek Cities under Roman Rule. By EDWARD A. FREEMAN, MA. 8vo, pp. 250. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $2.50.

A new volume of historical disquisitions by Prof. Freeman is something that whets the mental appetite to keenest zest. No writer living has a deeper, clearer insight into the distant past, a broader and more philosophical mode of treatment of its record, more careful and accurate statement of facts, or more vivid power of making the dead past live again by vivid description and portraiture. The present volume comprises six lectures read in the University of Oxford in 1885. The topics of the lectures are: Europe Before the Roman Power, Rome the Head of Europe, Rome and the New Nations, The Divided Empire, Survivals of Empire, and The World Romeless. To these is added a masterly essay on The Greek Cities under the Empire, whose object, as he asserts, is "to show the abiding effects of the peculiar process by which the Roman dominion was definitely formed in that great determining epoch of the world's history which is marked by the second century before Christ."

The scope of the entire book reminds us somewhat of Charles Kingsley's lectures, delivered, we think, from the same chair, on "The Roman and the Teuton." There is, however, a carefulness of research and an accuracy of statement in Prof. Freeman's work that we do not find in Kingsley's brilliant pages. The period that Freeman treats of is one of profoundest interest. It was a great transition era. Old things were passing away and all things becoming new. The world-agitating truths of Christianity were everywhere renovating society. The old faiths were fading out of the firmament of human thought. The old gods were reeling on their thrones. Christianity, like a noble athlete, was girding itself for the conquest of mankind. It was engaged in a deadly struggle with paganism for the possession of the race. On the side of the latter were all the resources of the Empire—the victorious legions, the treasures of the East and West, the prestige of power and splendour, a vast hierarchy, an ancient and venerable religion, and, most potent ally of all, the corruptions and lusts of the evil heart of man. To these Christianity opposed the omnipotence of its Divine principles, its fervent love, its sublime virtue, its heroic sufferings; and they proved victorious.

Dr. Freeman thus finely describes this wondrous event:—"The miracle of miracles, greater than the dried-up seas and cloven rocks, greater than the dead rising again to life, was when the Augustus on his throne, Pontiff of the gods of Rome, himself a god to the subjects of Rome, bent himself to become a worshipper of a crucified provincial of his Empire. The conversion of our own folk, the conversion of any other barbarian folk of Europe, was no marvel. Where Rome led, all must follow, Celt, Teuton, Slav, each in his turn. That Christianity should become the religion of the Roman Empire is the miracle of history; but that it did so become, is the leading fact of all history from that day onwards."

A Hand-Book of the Epistle of St. Paul to the Romans. By N. BURWASH, S.T.D. Pp. 256. Toronto: Wm. Briggs; and Methodist Book-Rooms, Montreal and Halifax. Price $1.25.

Dr. Burwash has rendered an important service to the cause of Christian exegetics by this admirable treatise. It is the outcome of many

years of profound and careful study of the writings of the great apostle, especially of his epistle to the Romans. The author brings to his task ripened and accurate scholarship and a keen spiritual insight into the mind and teachings of the inspired writer. He has proceeded upon the only rational system of exegesis: first, to lay hold of the actual grammatical meaning of the writer—the exact definition of his thought; second, to follow his logical sequence of argument and to study his rhetorical methods; third, by the analogies of other writings of the apostle to make him his own interpreter; and fourth, to study the epistle "in its genetic relation to antecedent and contemporaneous thought and religious life." He then proceeds, in an important introduction, to study the occasion which called forth the epistle, the dialectic antagonist whom Paul had in view, and the object of the epistle, which Dr. Burwash characterizes as "a complete exposition of Paul's doctrinal system as opposed to the spurious Judaizing form of Christianity." The theology of the epistle is clearly defined, and the development of this doctrinal system in the mind of the apostle is traced with profound insight. In a convenient syllabus, an outline of the apostle's argument is clearly shown. The commentary itself is lucid and convincing, evading no difficulties but patiently grappling with them and seeking their solution. To all Bible students, but especially to the ministers of our Church and candidates for its ministry, we cordially commend this volume—one of the most important contributions to the exegesis of this epistle yet given to the world.

A Comparative View of Church Organizations, Primitive and Protestant. By the REV. J. H. RIGG, D.D., Author of Modern Anglican Theology, etc. London: T. Woolmer.

This is a work of rare excellence, covering a field in which few men are so fully at home as Dr. Rigg. It is a book for the times, especially in England, touching the fundamental principles which underlie the great questions of Church and State which are so pressing there. It is a work also of permanent value for Methodism, supplying a want for our young ministry which we have long felt. Its adaptation to the present crisis in England, and the cast arising from its first issue as a series of magazine articles, have given it a form unlike the ordinary text-book; yet its mastery of the entire history of the subject and of its fundamental principles is so perfect that Methodism may wait for some time before it secures a better text-book on Church polity. The Anglican, Presbyterian and Congregational polities are first submitted to a most thorough review in the light of apostolic history, of the history of their own growth, and of those laws which have governed the growth of Christianity in every age; and the excellences and defects of each are clearly pointed out. Then follows a masterly exposition of Methodist polity, so broad in its grasp of fundamental principles as to apply quite as fully to Canadian and American Methodism as to that of England.

In Methodism, Dr. Rigg, with Dean Paly, finds the nearest approach to the apostolic organization of the Christian Church that the world has known since the second century. The organizing force which has created Methodism as a Church polity he finds in the free fellowship of its members in the class-meeting and fellowship-meeting, and he rightly concludes that the loss of this would rob Methodism of its pre-eminence. He traces with remarkable clearness the relation of this polity to Methodist theology and to its living Christian experience, showing that our polity, our theology and our vital Christianity as a free, full, and present salvation, are almost inseparably associated. If our Book Steward could obtain Dr. Rigg's permission to issue a Canadian edition of this work at a price within the reach of every minister, and giving it a wide circulation among our intelligent laymen, he would confer a boon on the entire Church.—N. BURWASH.

Twenty Sermons. By PHILLIPS BROOKS. (Fourth Series.) Pp. 368. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $1.75.

It is a remarkable sign of the times that nearly forty thousand volumes of the sermons of this distinguished divine should have been called for by an interested public. It is proof of the perennial charm and freshness of the old, old story, no matter how often told. It is no less a proof of the intellectual vigour and unhackneyed treatment of this immortal theme by the eloquent preacher of Trinity Church. There is a noble manliness of thought and a directness of appeal that go to the heart alike of the cultured æsthetes of Trinity Square and the aproned butchers of Faneuil Hall. The great themes of the Fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, the redemption by Christ—these are the inexhaustible subjects of this great preacher's message. We rejoice that such sound evangelical discourses find among the most cultured classes an ever-increasing circle of readers.

Critical and Exegetical Hand-Book of the Revelation of John. By FRIEDRICH DUSTERDIECK, D.D., Ober-consistorialrath, Hanover. Translated from the Third German Edition and edited with notes by HENRY E. JACOBS, D.D. 8vo., pp. viii—494. New York: Funk and Wagnalls, and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

Dr. Fr. Düsterdieck is a well-known writer of Biblical exegetics. His commentary on the Revelation is recognized as one of the most valuable written upon that book. His scholarship is profound and accurate, and he gives a luminous summary of the interpretations of previous expositors. But his opinions are not in many points to be received without exception. Nor does Dr. Jacobs so receive them. In his valuable notes he has pointed out the numerous instances in which he dissents from the judgment of the learned Hanoverian Ober-consistorialrath. Dr. Düsterdieck, while accepting the genuineness, inspiration and canonicity of the book, denies its Johannine origin. He believes, also, that it was written before the destruction of Jerusalem. In these respects the able editor records his judgment adversely to that of the learned German commentator, and gives good reasons for his dissent. The book is an important addition to the enterprising publishers' Bible Students' Library, and Meyer's New Testament Commentary.

Fresh Bait for Fishers of Men. By the Revs. T. B. MAKEPEACE, W. L. GAGE, D.D., S. BAKER, R. THOMAS, Ph.D., and Mr. C. E BOSTON. Congregational Publishing Society, Boston and Chicago. Price 75 cents.

This book is quite in the line of Dr. Gladden's "Applied Christianity," which we recently reviewed. It deals especially with the subject of amusements. It says there are thousands of young men in our cities with worse than no home, no recreations, with hundreds of theatres and thousands of saloons alluring them to ruin. The Church, it charges, has done almost nothing for the social life of the homeless young people of the great cities—except a weekly prayer-meeting for such as will attend it. "The Church must mother these young people or Satan will." Here is a problem in applied Christianity which we hope our city churches, with their comfortable parlours, will try to solve. The Y.M.C.A. is doing much, but still not enough is done.

Malcolm: A Story of the Day-spring. By GEO. A. MACKENZIE. Toronto: Rowsell & Hutchinson.

This is a pathetic little idyll of Canadian life. It is instinct with refined poetic feeling and clothed with refined poetic diction. Its lessons of faith and hope and trust amid suffering and sorrow are of perennial value. The description of Quebec and of the episode on Durham Terrace are very vivid. For simple

pathos and beauty it reminds us much, without being in the least an imitation, of Tennyson's earlier idylls of the "Dora" class. We give it welcome as a noteworthy addition to our nascent literature.

Memoirs and Remains of the Rev. Walter Inglis, African Missionary and Canadian Pastor. By the REV. WILLIAM COCHRANE, D.D. Brantford, Ont. Toronto: C. Blackett Robinson.

Dr. Cochrane has here paid a worthy tribute to a noble life. The story is one of characteristic Scottish energy and success. The lad, inured to toil, wins his way to Edinburgh University, and to a theological college, becomes a missionary among the Bechuanas and a champion of the oppressed, shares the expulsion of the missionaries by the Boers, comes to Canada and wears out his life as a faithful pastor in the town of Ayr. Not merely to his own congregation and personal friends, but to all who admire consecrated culture and active Christian service, will this memorial prove interesting and profitable reading.

Land, Labour and Liquor. By the REV. WM. BURGESS, with an introduction by MAYOR HOWLAND. Toronto: S. R. Briggs. Price $1.00.

Mr. Burgess has for many years been an active temperance worker, both in the Old World and the New. But we think he never rendered more valuable service to the temperance cause than in the preparation of this volume. As Mr. Howland remarks in his introduction, the great weight on the back of the wage-worker hindering his rise, which would otherwise be rapid in this freest of all countries, is the liquor trade. This thesis Mr. Burgess amply proves with great array of statistical tables and diagrams, and with convincing argument. The book will be a perfect mine of information on all social and economical questions connected with the temperance cause.

The Victorian Half Century—A Jubilee Book. By CHARLOTTE M. YONGE. London and New York: Macmillan & Co., and Methodist Book Room. Price 35 cents.

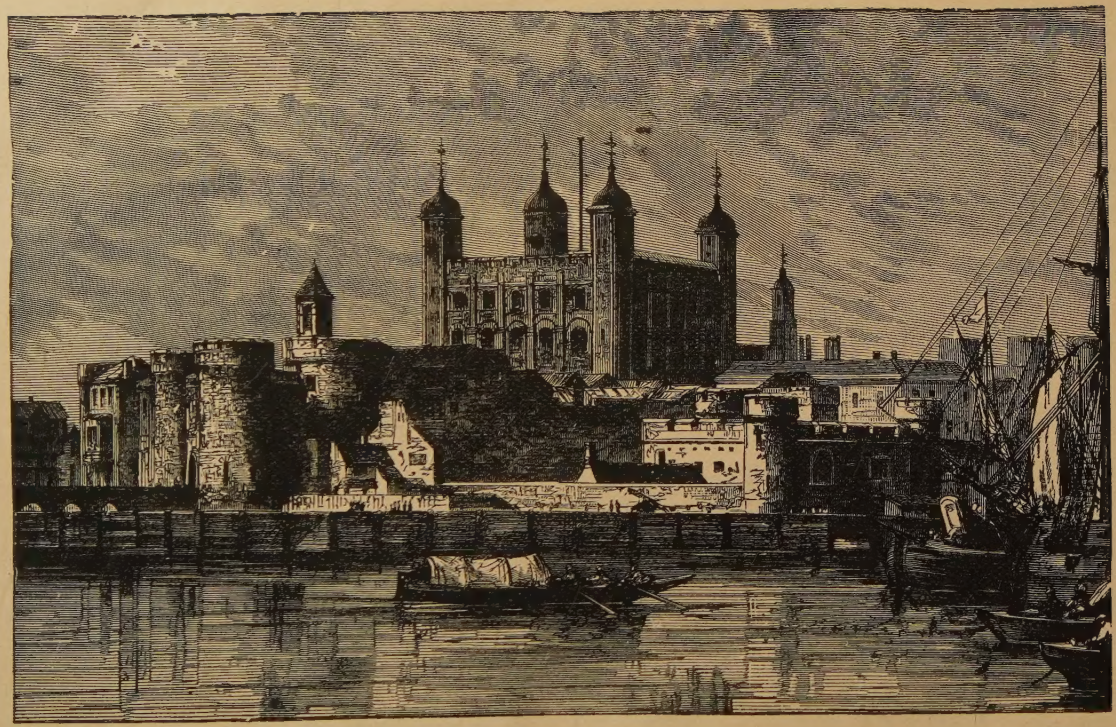
This is a very attractive review of the reign of Her Gracious Majesty by one of the most accomplished writers of the Victorian era. It has a good portrait of our widowed Queen, and introduces sketches of the principal events of her life.

Building, An Architectural Weekly. W. T. Comstock, New York. 15c. per number.

This is an admirably conducted periodical. The designs are fresh, piquant, and abreast of the great architectural movement of the times. All about to build private residences, civic structures or churches can learn much to their advantange from its pages.

THE ACADIAN SCHOOLMASTER.

Of the many noble and beautiful characters described in the writings of George W. Cable, we know none to surpass the Acadian Schoolmaster in the short story of "Grande Pointe" in the March number of *The Century* magazine. His unsophisticated innocence, his love for the children and enthusiasm in teaching, not merely the rudiments of learning, but nobility of soul, and his quaint English, make him a most winsome, delightful character—a study for the whole teaching profession, worthy to be classed for devotion to his calling with the world-renowned Pestalozzi. Compared with the inspiring stories of Cable, with their noble moral motive, the uninteresting photograph of commonplace persons and everyday life by Howells is, to our taste, but "as moonlight is to sunlight, or as water unto wine."



Her Majesty's Tower.